THE LIFE OF THE SOUL

WALTER WINSTON KENILWORTH

SAMUEL WEISER INC.

THE LIFE OF THE SOUL

BY

WALTER WINSTON KENILWORTH

AUTHOR OF

"Psychic Control Through Self-Knowledge,"
"Thoughts on Things Psychic,"
etc., etc.

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY
18 EAST SEVENTEENTH STREET
NEW YORK

Copyright 1911
By R. F. FENNO & COMPANY

The Life of the Soul

INTRODUCTION

There is a light that has been coming from afar ever since the dawn of human thought. It has embodied itself in philosophy. It has mirrored itself in religion; it has been heard as the march of scientific progress. Above all, it is witnessed as "the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night" guiding the destinies of man in the great evolutionary struggle—leading him on to the Great Goal of life, —the development and full intensity of the spiritual consciousness.

Heretofore, science has been conflicting with religion; heretofore, religion and philosophy have often differed, but the onward progress of life itself has made so many wonderful revelations that today

we stand in the presence of the Source of all Light,—the Soul.

The object herewith set forth is to prove that underlying all thought, all philosophy, all science, all religion, all life, is the unit reality which all these have attempted to interpret, but have clashed in the attempt. All of these have made great and warring distinctions over externals, losing sight of the inner reality they have desired to discover. Hereafter, they will be united. Science and philosophy will support religion; religion will be recognized as one of the great moods of life. And the standard of life itself will be raised from the bounds of the struggle for physical existence solely to the plane of the manifestation of the Soul.

On the ground-work of philosophy and science, we must rear the great structure of the spiritual consciousness with religion and the spiritual life as its crowning points. The faith of the child in soul gives way before the larger consciousness

of the man of spiritual knowledge, and this knowledge, eventually, gives way before the great realization of the sage. The philosopher is only the child; the real sage is the Seer of Truth.

Man graduates from lesser to greater knowledge; as the perspective of life widens, a larger and better vision is secured of That Truth and Sentiency which manifest as life. When the Reality has once been seen, then all distinctions vanish; then it is realized that the goal of all paths is the same, and that science and philosophy, religion and social experience are all phases of life which, when fully developed, lead the seeker into the Ocean of the Soul.

THE LIFE OF THE SOUL

THE LIFE OF THE SOUL

CHAPTER I

THE LIFE OF THE SOUL

Man has been seeking everywhere for peace and bliss. He has attempted to master all the barriers that nature has superimposed upon life, and has succeeded and will succeed in the attempt. He has grown out of binding limitations, and is now sensing and has, in the past, sensed the glories and the divinity of the soul in man which thus radiates forth more and more of its essential nature.

Nature is for the soul, not the soul for nature. The whole universe cannot compare with the greatness of the soul. The

soul is. In comparison with its existence, all else is vanity, all else is nothingness, or, at best, has but a tributary existence. The whole universe is, as it were, a screen through which the soul is gazing at its own innate glory, power, greatness and immensity. The whole universe is only a veil blurring, for the time, the vision and radiance of the soul. And yet it does not really blur, for the manifestation of the soul established in and as nature, is perfect even in this respect.

Perfection and its ideals, rule everywhere. Perfection is the goal to which we are striving. The fleeting results of our striving, as they become more and more glorious and resplendent of soul, are perfect as well. The lengths and breadths of the universe are potent with the infinite potentialities of soul. Everywhere the soul is. There is no place where it is not. It surrounds and encompasses the infinities. It outlives the endless durations of the eternities. It is the omnis-

cience surmounting all knowledge, the life absolute transcending of changing life. It is the whole amid myriad-numbered parts. It is the vast complete. It is the effulgence amid the perpetuities of worldly darkness. It is the divinity immanent in the apparently imperfect. It is the veil and the vision behind the veil. It is the twilight of the world, for when it comes forth in true manifestation, behold! the world loses its form, becoming formless, for what can stand embodied when the body-less Self of the soul looms forth, vaster than the vastnesses?

O glorious this world, glorious all worlds, when That is seen which is the essence of life, the core of life, the reason and the explanation of life! O the ecstasies unspeakable and incommunicable of him upon whom the life of the soul has dawned! Come all ye nations of the earth, come all ye peoples of the heavenly spheres, drop this dream of life! Beyond is the everlasting soul. O for that Be-

yondness of soul! What can surpass it? What can equal it? It is the only Self in the universe, the only substance, the only reality, for when it is realized the whole world will sink into naught. There have been souls who have touched the extreme borderlands of such realization; and the world entitles them its Saviors and World-Teachers.

Amidst all the gloom of the world there is established an imperishable bliss. It is the bliss incomparable of the soul Self-realized. Therefore, cease, O mind, running after the paltry pleasures for which the world is mad! Throw off all dreams and, with all might of soul, pierce, once and for all, the shrouds of thought and sense that blind the view of thine own soul, for there all true sufficiency is found, for there, alone, is bliss perpetual and God.

And what is God? There is but one existence in life, and that existence is the life of That man has called God. But

again what is God? Is it, perhaps the highest vision of the glorious Self residing as the "I" in all? Is it, perhaps, the same identity found everywhere, once the superimpositions of mind and form and name have been put aside? That it is, for all these distinctions between sun and plant and world and atom are distinctions in appearance only. Underlying them all is the same homogeneous substance from which they have sprung; and as they are one in substance, so also are they one in life,—and that life is the Existence of God.

We are trying, in these days, to find the underlying unity. We have discovered that it is everywhere, that One without a second. That One unity religion has called God. When God is, there can be none other, and the soul of us, purified from the darknesses of material striving and vested in the celestial light of the Most High is no longer "I" or "Thou" but "He," the God of Gods, the Self of

all selves, the One Experiencer of all these changes of existence. And of that One it has been said: "He is the One indwelling in all. He is not affected by the imperfections of the appearance called life, for He is the Form of the appearance."

And is this identity with the Most High a losing of separate personal identity? Aye, indeed, but then who would have the shadow of the Self when the Self itself is to be had? There is no identity, no individuality, save that of the Most High, and He is ourselves, or better stated, the One Self of all of us. This seeming, personal self is a contradiction in terms, for of our true Self is freedom, cravinglessness and the endless inheritance of the experience of nature,—perfect existence, perfect knowledge and perfect bliss. So long as we claim the Self of us to be the phenomenal entity that desires this to-day and desires that to-morrow, there can be no hope for the achievement of that Great

Goal which is the divine realization of our true nature,—and God.

Let the dreamer dream; do thou, O Soul, concern the Self of thee alone with Self! Thou art the Subject. The whole world cannot objectify thee. The mountainous faith of Self removes the world. Nothing stands unconquerable to the soul. It is the Over-Lord of this universe. The soul alone endures. All else changes. All else perishes. The experience of living is the test of this. The experiences of each day tell the tale with loud voice. Only the higher elements of our nature are the perfect, and the highest of all elements is the Self, containing within its Self, the vast entirety, the universal extents. Changeless in a world of change, O soul, thou knowest the dream of life. In thine own time shalt thou awaken. And when thou dost awaken, O then, only thou dost know the boundlessness of Self!

We are here in this world to discover that we are not of it. We are in this

world to learn that our true nature cannot be satisfied, though the whole world should fall at our feet. Aye, the world is not worth being even the foot-stool of the soul. O soul, who knows thy life? Certainly not they who dwell in the common marts; not they who are the vendors of the stuffs of mind and form; not the buyers and sellers of the temporary pleasures of life. Certainly not they who, with clamorous voice, scream for the satisfaction of desires; not they who fear the changes of life; not they who stand in dread of death. The teachers of the world, and all religions proclaim the pristine luminousness of thee, O soul. All the rest they have termed darkness and ignorance. O for that soaring of thought wherein God is reached and seen and felt and known. O for that sensing of the limitless expanse! O for that durationless life wherein all duration is lost, the eternity-stationed life of the soul! Sing high, ye teachers of the world, ring out your loftiest voices, O

spirits universal of religions, ring out: "The soul endureth changeless. the soul doth reign high above the lunacies of life; 'tis the soul alone that is!"

Death and annihilation are written behind the fleeing stars. Death and destruction pursue everything, but thy Self, O soul. Thee nothing touches, nor can, for thou art the formless and the invisible. Thou art the breaker of dreams; thou art the magician casting aside the changing scenes of life, showing to thy knower of Self, the deathlessness and changelessness of thee, behind the scenes!

There is but one knowledge to be attained, one life to be realized. That is thy life, O soul.

Sing high the note, O mind, that tells of the life that knows no death. Call unto thyself all thy inmostness of being and, with it, ponder on the Ancient Secret Truth, which, though standing patent before all, is seen by none. Mind, be no longer the dissembler of truth, attempting

to interpret life in the dual form of pleasure and pain! Pain and pleasures, what are these to thee?

Thy life alone is great, O soul, but men seek greatness elsewhere and, thus seeking, are disappointed; and disappointment is sorrow; thus for sorrow do they live. O the world is a vale of tears! It is a trinket-shop where men purchase with pain the paltry vanities of life. The world is a stampeding ground for the great herd of know-nothings, they who pursue madly —without sense of direction.

What matters the name, so long as the possessor of the name is known! Thus knowing the name of God is not the realization of God. But the realization of the Self everywhere present is the realization of the Great Name and also the realization of God. Aye, but what indeed, concerning the Maker of Names? Is he not God? Truly, and thus thou, O soul, discoverer of thy God, discoverer of the Self in thee, art God. All hail to

thee, O soul! Thou hast no master; thou art possessed by none, but livest and reignest in Self-possession, all-supreme!

What is needed these days is a practical basis of truth, rooted in a highest conception of Self. We can no longer be beggars, no, not even from God! Are we not kings in our own right, being one with the Most High, not one in birth or manifestation, but one in essence and in truth? Give us a philosophy of strength! Weakness is not for us. The world has had weakening philosophy long enough. It is the bane of the world. We are searching and longing for strength. It is strength that is wanted. And strength means belief and confidence in Self, knowledge of Self and of its Self-sufficiency, but for this we must know what Self is, and, previously, we have said that the Self of one was the Self of all, and that this Self is the existence, knowledge and bliss man calls God.

Self, Self, Self,—but in its highest

definition, its highest interpretation. Naught else will satisfy. What a redeemer can do for the world, that we must do for ourselves. We must liberate ourselves from the cross of material life and rise from the death of such living to the deathless life of our true nature. That is the whole meaning of religion. All else is so much rubbish. Self is to be known by Self, Self realized by Self. This alone is religion. Nothing else. This is the realization of the philosophical goal. "Know thy Self" was the most ancient call,—and the Delphian oracle preached it.

O life is a dream and we are dreamers! Let us arouse! Let us arise and awake, throwing off all lethargy! Mind and form may go. What of that? Is not the eternal spirit behind? Is not the Self, Lord of all hosts, behind? This is the superstition, as said the Swami Vivekananda, that we are bodies. Not bodies are we, but souls. Can we not believe in our

own souls? Else what shall we believe in? Self-sufficiency of the highest Self—that must be our aspiration. Cut off the bonds of dreams, O soul! Thou art the breaker of dreams. Kill out all myths, the myths of weakness, of dependence, of terror, of pain, of death, of life! Cut the bonds! Be thou the free, for the free thou art. Thou art That from which there is neither coming nor going. Thou art That for which the eternities have been seeking. Roll up the scroll of the world. Let the mountains dash to mole-hills; let suns be hurled to dust! What matters that to thee, O soul!

Nationality is myth, name is myth, form is myth, race is myth, seas are myth, suns are myth. Only thou, O soul, art truth. Let us search for thee, thou fixed one, thou who art the embodied reality of the universe! Come, brave souls, let us lift the mountain of superstitions from our thought! Let us be free! Think of the glories of the emancipated! Come,

brave souls, loving naught, hating naught, centered in the abysses of the Self, let us break all dreams of attachment or of aversion! Let us be the free, the limitless, the free! Only the mind binds. Free the superstition-enslaved mind! Mind, enforce upon thyself the knowledge which shall forever free thee from all dreams! Mind, awaken to the larger thought! Then that thought shall lift thee beyond the boundaries of thy present station of soul and thou shalt inherit the freedom of those who are beyond all dreams.

Plunge thou within thine own depths, O soul! No need is there of rising to the restless surface; for thou art the bottomless reality. O soul, thou art the Lord of life and death. Body-less, mind-less art thou and yet the embodiment of the entire universe of mind and form. Therefore, believing in thy Self, O soul, go thou forward on thine own concerns!

Thou art the father of this appearance known as "I" and thou, alone, art the

mother; thou art the companion, and thou the friend; thou art its strength, and thou art its light. All hail to thee, thou, deserving of all love and worship, O soul! There is none comparable with thee. Smaller than the smallest small, yet vaster than the vastest vast. O soul, birth is a myth and death is a dream! There is neither life nor death in thee. All hail to thee, thou that standest free from any dreams! All hail to thee, thou the true nature of all!

There is neither two, nor two myriads, nor twice that sum a myriad times in this universe. Thou art the only One. There is but One, and thou art That. Consecrating and dedicating ourselves to thee, all-sentient One; purifying mind and heart in thy name, we banish, through thy grace, all traces of ignorance and sin and enter thy light and thy truth. All the glories of the universe are thine and all the glories of That beyond the universe. The universe cannot understand thee, for

thou art utterly beyond its limitations. Maya cannot bind thee, for maya is only the smallest apparition of thee, and yet the entire world is maya. Who can fathom or hope to fathom thy world-superior and life-and-death-transcending-ness!

The soul neither hopes, nor yearns, is governed neither by fear nor hunger, neither by cold nor heat. As is the old saying: fire cannot burn it, the air cannot dry it, the water cannot wet it, for it is the ancient and the indestructible, beyond all seeming and beyond all touch.

The world has been searching and searching for the panacea of all ills, dreaming that this lay in the perfection of the external, that to be immune to sufferings was the highest good. But there is no panacea that can abolish death and sorrow. There is no remedy in the external order by which the sorrows of existence are removed, for new misery adds upon that which has passed and the

chain of sorrow is never ending. The external can never satisfy the internal. The external is the finite, while the internal is the infinite. The external is the relative, whereas the internal is the absolute. Change is relative, and change is the condition of life, but that state of life and thought can be attained by the inner man where change is not known, for he shall have found the changeless peace that comes with true knowledge of the life of the soul.

The existence of the soul, freed from all the impurities and imperfections to which life is tributary, is the criterion of all effort and is the state of being known as God. If there is a chance for the soul to free itself from death and change and ignorance, then it is divine, for within it are the potentialities of divinity. If the soul exists, then life is good. It may take ages innumerable to bring about that divine state of consciousness in the soul when it realizes life as a dream and

awakens to find its inner life free from the dependencies of material existence. Life is only an opportunity through which we broaden or lessen, as the case may be, the manifestation of the soul within us. It is beyond doubt that the soul cannot come to this state within one lifetime. There are many life-opportunities in which the soul manifests, and when the manifestation reveals a great or greater portion of the being and power of the soul, we speak of the life as having been well lived. Otherwise the life is lost from a constructive point of view and is considered as not having been well lived.

But ultimately, there is nothing lost, for even the experiences of the most vicious life are, negatively considered, relatively constructive, for pain follows the wicked and sorrow pursues him, and comes the time, in the due course of experience when he discovers the folly of following the paths of evil and turns his face, forevermore, unto the Nirvana of God.

And Nirvana—that is peace, the peace which is the silencing of the noise of life, the eternal quietude from which there is no removal, the Nirvana in which the changes and fluctuations of relative existence are no longer known. Even evil is good, in so far as it is the effort of the mind to prove its power and assert the freedom it truly possesses, but in the case of evil it is power misapplied and the privileges of freedom trampled under foot; for evil binds the dreamer to the dream. The rivets in the chains of evil are adamant and by the performance of evil deeds, by the thinking of evil thoughts, by these wrong attitudes of life, the mind recoils upon itself and sinks deeper into the mire of the world.

Such is the world,—a mire. It is the mire in which the soul, forgetting itself, wallows in the pleasures of the senses, deeming these the all in all of existence. There is nothing beyond, dreams the worldly-wise man, and contented with the

profits of the day or cursing its losses, he goes on and on till death snatches him away from his world. Go on thou dreamer, the moment will come, through the grace of the Most High, and then thou shalt arouse thyself and be forever free. Think not that the possession of the world can make for happiness. Ages ago the Christ taught that it could not, and what was true in His day is true now and is true in the eternal time of the ageless eternities. The world is, for the worldly man, material out of which he elaborates the fulfilment of his desires and in which he finds a borrowed happiness, and from which he loathes to escape, but death carries all into its trap. Such is the fate of life,—ever to be pursued by death. Name and fame are pursued by oblivion, pleasure by pain, and thus the wheel revolves, revolves, revolves.

It would seem the hollowness of life stands so sufficiently revealed that men would naturally turn from it, seeking the

infinite destinies of the soul and its cosmic life and its world-freedom. But the veils of maya are so dense, the veils of darkness and the veils of ignorance, that the soul, blind to its own innate light, seeks luminousness in change and perdition.

Shine by thine own light, O soul, shine by thine own light! Naught else shines without thee, nor suns, nor worlds, nor mind, nor form. Everything is bright when thy light shines; therefore, O soul, become the knower of thy Self. Then shall thy glory spread itself over the whole of life. The days and the years shall be filled with peace and the bliss of thee will be eternal. The body dream and the dependence such dream embodies shall have utterly failed. Thy light, shining, reveals to thee the myriad glories of the life of thee. Therefore, proceed O soul, upon thine own road! Unconquerable the Self of thee, and more adamant than the laws that hold the worlds in place.

Shine forth O soul! What can control

thee? Not the whole of nature. Far and near art thou, O soul, far and near and vast and free. Like the stately motion of a Titan vessel, thou movest upon the waters unto thine own chosen ports. All hail to thee, thou art the infinite expanse in life! Thou art the Self in me. The real "I" of ourselves is the same great Self in thee. Therefore, putting away all grief, all fear, all hope, all pleasure, we are bent upon the ports and stand at the wheel determined soon to land the vessel of the mind into Nirvana, the haven of peace. Thus must the soul speak to itself. Thus must it act. The firmament of life is studded with the radiance of supercelestial ideas. By these the mariner on the ocean of life is guided without fail into the harbor.

CONCERNING ITS IDEALS

CHAPTER II

CONCERNING ITS IDEALS

All ideals belong to the realm of the soul. From its celestial height radiate the burning lights that make their way to earth and console the human heart. These lights are the lights of great truths that shine with strong effulgence midst the darkness and the errors of the world.

The ideals of the soul are essentially of the soul. They are emanations from its essence. They are the Spirit transmuted into the principles of truth, for that which is related to the Spirit is one with it, and thus it has been the great company of ideals that has ruled and guided the fate of the whole human race, as well as of the individual. Accordingly, as we follow out the aspiration which our ideals

encourage can we be said to approach the goal of life, the realization of the Soul from which truth proceeds and from which all ideals come.

All greatness is of the soul. Whatever discovery either in the realm of the sciences or the arts, whatever new impetus is given to the ethical interpretation,—such discovery and impetus has made itself manifest because of the impelling, truth-searching, Self-realizing power of the Spirit behind the mind and form of man.

All is within the soul, nothing comes to it from without. Whatever error exists in the world has been because of this identification of the real and inner man with the external world. Whatever of inharmony and strife has worked its way into society, has done so because of a blindness of vision on the part of great communities of the race, who failed to recognize the inner, spiritual unity of the human family and of its equal destinies of soul throughout.

The Light of the World is an inner light, and all the brightnesses of stellar glories comes of that inner light. "When That shines, everything shines after it." It is the light of the soul which has been cast upon nature, and as the result nature has given up her secrets and form to man. He has become the possessor of the entirety of her, and the march of knowledge continues to greater and greater glory.

It is this review of soul that is necessary for an accurate and worthy appreciation of the soul and of an understanding of the ideals the progressive soul constantly entertains. The ideal is the soul. It is the action of the soul upon the insensate world, transforming it into apparent life and motion. Whatever life exists in the universe is of the soul. It is the only sentiency in the cosmos. Than it, nothing can exist. It is the one, basic, underlying unity of all. It is the established foundation of the cosmos. Upon it the world rotates and speeds to its

destinies. The life of the world is a spiritual life and the evolution manifest everywhere is the upward striving of soul through all the bondages and superimpositions of nature. Nature is only a revelation, finite and vastly incomplete, of That beyond all manifestation. Immersed in this ocean of nature, the soul is making a prodigious effort to return to its pristine condition of unmanifested being and bliss and consciousness. And such return is not annihilation. For what, after all, are the contents of our sensory experience; of what absolute value the contents of our mortal consciousness? They are insignificant. Constantly are we progressing, and with the increase of progress we look upon our past with the wisdom of a sage upon the fancies of childhood.

All our mistakes and all our failings are due, primarily, to a condition, as it were, of childhood of soul. Not yet have we attained that discrimination of mind and spirit where we realize the ways and

means of progress, or perceive the great and ultimate goal. We must always be able to sense something larger than what we are today. We must see this, as well, so that there shall be a great horizon to each new condition of our progress; for if we are satisfied with our present, our progress in future will be of a constantly receding nature.

But the supreme ideal is to aspire to that height of life and thought where the whole orders and charms of nature have, for us, a secondary meaning only; where all the flights of worldly pleasure appear child-like and unimportant as compared with That we have discerned as beyond the chains of life and beyond the fetters of birth and death.

Our purpose is to realize the soul. That is the chief aim, aye, the only aim. There can be none other. It is the soul which is the living life. All other life is a phase only, changing, changing, changing. It is the underlying changelessness

that we demand. It is the struggle of the soul with which we come in contact in the conflict of natural forces, and in the conflict of minds. It is the struggle of the common racial and universal soul seeking expression with myriads of obstacles serving as stumbling-blocks to such expression. And we are whirled on and on in the battle for victory of soul, each and every one of us, with or against our wills. The king for whom we are thus engaged in warfare is the soul in us. It is the life in us, the purified consciousness in us. Thus it is the God in us, for He is universal and omni-sentient, and His will shall put itself completely through the adamant barriers of nature.

The ideals of the soul are indeed high-placed. They are of the highest height. Mortal man can only struggle upward, gazing rapturously upon their shining orbs, but in the struggle each step that is firmly put is a step furthered on that ascent whose ultimate height is the dwell-

ing-place of the Most High, the God-Self of man and life. The ideals of the soul concern its reality, concern its superiority over the whole of manifested nature. Thoroughly imbued with these conceptions of soul, man travels on the path of progress, doubly, trebly, aye, myriad-fold more sure of the safety of the path, and of the glory of the destination to which it leads. Once the soul is seen, the whole of life becomes changed. All its surface expression is put aside. The depth of life is discerned, and in the crystal purity of that depth is seen, in some degree, the bottomless existence of That which upholds the world. Merging into That is the great ideal.

If a man has power he can express it. A giant can overturn tremendous weights. He knows this, for the consciousness of power is ever with him. Now, if we understand that there is a principle within us; in fact the very breath of our lives, which is endowed with omnipotence, the

sense and realization of power will become so intense with us, that nothing can break our will. Power alone, however, will not suffice. Another factor is required, and that is the evolution of the faculty to discern the right use of the power thus sensed. Developed mind, developed will, —these two will take us to the destination of soul, which is the vision of its Self.

Power of will and power of mind,—these we must have. Entire nature is our battle-field; entire nature is the foe to be conquered. Nature, with all her choicest attractions of speeding worlds, shoreless oceans, soaring mountain heights and endless luxuriance of thought and sense, is a cosmic siren leading the thought and heart of man away from the grandeur of That beyond nature,—the soul and the One Self of all souls.

Freedom is ours, once we have been able to gaze through the void of life; for such, indeed, is life a void, a great vacancy in which we are seeking for a reality that,

of itself, can never be mingled with or merged in nature. The reality of life is its substance, its causality, its reason, its essence, its fruition, its preservation, its deathlessness, its freedom from limitations; and this reality shall ultimately be discovered by the soul as indwelling eternal and pure within its own depths. Reality is of the soul and truth, and all ideals are equally inherent in it. There is nothing of the ideal in the external. It is all the internal, and the refraction of the luminousness of the internal imparts brightness to the outward appearance.

Therefore, with this understanding, let us aspire to the divinity we are. Let us throw overboard all the dreams of thought and sense that blind the mind and bind the will. Avaunt, with them all, O soul! Thou art not of the lesser arrangement. Thou art of the great and final arrangement, in which there is neither birth nor death, nor the sorrows of these, nor hope nor joy, nor thought nor form; for in that

final arrangement, and in that great arrangement is the boundlessness and borderlandlessness of That which is the Self of thee. Thus, arise, anew regain thy strength; command thy command over life; put aside the rubbish of the universe! For even such it is,—a rubbish heap in which worldly vultures seek their entire bliss.

O the world is a bauble, and men are greedy for it! It is a bauble and this bauble is constantly eluding their grasp, and in the scuffle and in the strife, blood flows and sorrow emanates from the field of lust. The world is the house of lust, and all are scrambling after the nothingnessess of the senses. Futile and fruitless the results. In fact, they can not be called results, for these, too, are of the ashes and of the vanities of life. The world is a great mart where men sell the priceless treasures of their souls for a moment's fleeting enjoyment. O the misery of it all, and the gruesome poverty!

O the tinsel with which life is shadowed! O the gold cloth by which the disease of life is covered from the view of the soul! O the cheats and deceits of desire! O the sham and the shame of the senses which disfigure the perfect figure of life with the tawdry hangings of the pleasures from which the worldly draw their world!

Up and awaken O soul! Thou art not of this. Of this, thou canst not be. Know this; dost thou need be remembered of this? Break the bonds, cut loose all moorings of sense and thought! Blot out the huge shadow of dreams with thy tremendous light of the soul! Hold the reins of the mind firmly in hand, lest the senses, the steeds of thy life's chariot, break loose and cast thee into the ditch. Overwhelm the senses, overwhelm the appearance, which is the personality, with the truth of the God within the soul! No time is there for dreams. Too valuable the slightest fraction of time, not to be utilized in the cause of the highest effort. Arise,

O soul, begin anew, afresh the steep ascent to That beyond! Arise anew, afresh; overboard with the cargo of thought and sense! At best, how minor their importance, how inconsequential their seeming consequence! Therefore, cut loose, again, from all thy bondages! With the avalanche-like might of God, with the storm-like surge of omnipresent power, cancel all the debts of thee to life! Sweep to nothingness the vast and stupid dream in which the world breathes hard the breath of life. Remove the carcass of the world! Thou art beyond. Of this cosmos art thou not, but of more,—of thy Self art thou. Thou art thy Self, the Self all-containing. Thus art thou the breaker of dreams, of which, in turn, life is the moulder. Thou art the destroyer of life, O soul. What hast thou or canst thou have in common with it?

O myriad-glorious and myriad-fold in beauty is life when thou hast been glimpsed high above life! O august one,

O soul, to thee the combined strength of all our desires, the embodiment of our earnest-minded hearts! All shall belong to thee, thought of our thoughts, the life of our lives, the blood of our hearts, the life-force of our desires; these, and all in all, are thine. Naught else endures, naught else remains, but thou, O soul.

How wonderful the ways of thy illumination, O soul! How carefully dost thou weed out, in thine own times, the chaff from the wheat of experience! How dost thou, with mother-like solicitude, guide the mind, the child of thee, to the superior destinies of life. Anew, our fealty to thee! Anew our devotedness and filial love! How marvellous the ways in which thou dost take the straying mind, strayed long and far from thee, again within thy fold! O marvellous thy pity, marvellous thy compassion, but above all marvellous, indeed, marvellous thy understanding! For thou dost never condemn, nor even upbraid.

Sure art thou of thy purposes with us, O soul. Sure art thou of thine own purposes. Content art thou, whichever way the child of the mind plays, for thy will shall crush its folly, shall transform its waywardness into sage-like wisdom. O transformer of life! This art thou, O soul. Thou transformest the commonplace into the divine. Thou dost alter the dream into the reality. Thou dost break asunder the self-made bondage; thou dost smash to atoms the self-induced hypnosis of weakness and of ill. Thou art the magician, and, with thy magic wand, thou dost change the changing mind into the changelessness of thee. Behold, how marvellous thy ways in the scheme and urge of the world evolutionary! How wonderful and how spectacular, how soul-entrancing the fulfillment of thy destinies as witnessed in the dream of nature! Surely, it is all a dream, for dreams are wonderful; nothing but dreams, and in dreams the impossible becomes possible,

the unthinkable transpires, the unimaginable is made actual. O soul, most strange thy workings! Who can understand thee? Certainly, not the universe entire.

Therefore, let us proclaim the glories of the soul! Let us seek the glory of its world-shining and world-illuminating ideals! Let us harken to that voice in and beyond life! Let us rejuvenate the spirit within us, hating injustice and courting the form of justice, let us make peace with our own hearts, for the soul's sake! O soul, O wonderful soul! Let us search the infinite canopy above, and the profundities of space and the bottomlessness and the universal nature of these, for these are but faint outlines of the immensity of thee, O soul! Let us sojourn in the inter-stellar ocean whence sail, majestically, the ships of stars and planets with world-ghosts as their occupants. This is the vision of thee, O soul. Wonderful and beyond understanding

thy glories! Thy exceeding glories are incomparable.

Ours is the salvation through the soul. Through the gateway of the high-stationed arch of soul is our goal and our vision and our emancipation. All the gods are of the soul and dwell within the soul. Within the soul dwells the body; within the soul, the mind. Within the soul dwells the earth; within the soul dwells the earth's satellites and the wheeling moons and suns and gaseous, unthinkably large nebulae; aye within the soul dwell all these,—within the soul. Our bodies are within the soul, and our minds; our thoughts are within the soul, and our feelings; our vision of life is within the soul, and our realizations; our experience is within the soul and our joys and our sorrows, and our pains, and our ills, and our woes and all the manifold, thousand-times-manifold experience of living. Great, great, incomparably great is the soul!

Fortified by these thoughts ascend we, then, the mount of soul, entering the sacred precincts of the temple of God that stands upon its everlasting heights! Ascend we, then, this higher than highest height, communing with and commingling with the great Over-Soul.

We are beckoned to the dwelling-place everlasting from which the world has been forever excluded, the dwelling-place of soul. O the raptures that await the emancipated! O the freedom they who have seen God know! O silent and immortal Self! O Self of the soul of all souls! Nirvana is thy quest; Nirvana is thy abode. There can be none other. Having perceived this, where does our wisdom lie and where our peace? In the everlastingness of thee, O soul. Thus singing and chanting the supreme lay, let us adorn ourselves with the garlands of all the perfections, increasing our mortal stature to the stature of divinity, lifting up our thought to omniscience and survey-

ing with the enlightened vision the great fields and wide expanses and extents of the place of God. And there is the mountain of the Lord on which His soul rests, and from the horizon in the background of that mountain and over its top rises the Light of the World, and the Light of the World is the soul and the self of God. Wonderful the glories of thee, O soul; and wonderful the revelations of thee, O soul!

Putting on the spirit of the emancipated let us rejoice with the free; let us mix and mingle our voices with the music of the spheres! We have planted ourselves firmly on the Super-Olympian heights. Who will remove us thence? Not even God, for the Self of ourselves is the Self of Him, and can He remove Himself? Whither shall the removal be, and in what direction, when He is the Omnipresent One, and the Omnipresent One is the Self of us?

Such high thought leads to a high con-

sciousness in which the dream of the world subsides into the depths of that subconsciousness which is intense worldly life, but the soul thus freed from dreams awakens to a condition of experience and feeling where it realizes an overpowering oneness of being, which is God.

How little the motives of the many, iron-bound to the wheel! It is this oblivion they crave, or that. It is this bondage to which they are enticed, or that. It is this specific danger they embrace, or that, but freedom,—from freedom they make hasty retreat, interpreting freedom as bondage, and bondage as freedom. Such is the way of the world and such its plan. How stupid the procedure and how inane the entire effort of the sense-enthralled mind! Hovering from this to that, weary of this and that, craving, craving, craving,—aye, and purposelessly like a wilful child, not knowing what it wants, yet wanting all, and yet contented with naught. Foolish is the world, and shaky

the house in which the worldly-minded dwell. Great the nothingnesses they embrace, shadows, vanities, and ashes. O the world is the house of dust and lost hopes, and the worldly are those who remain content with the barrenness of life without the soul! Miserable the lot of these, and awful their destinies!

O oblivion cosmic, everlasting, drown the myth! Banish the mirage, for it allures nowhere-wards, and the heart of the seeker is distressed! Weary the path, and long. Tedious the marcher on the path, and deluded. Who shall know the causes that form themselves into the mirage? But it is not with the knowledge of the causes with which we are concerned. Sufficient that they exist. How they exist is a secondary matter. The chief consideration is that they must be banished. That is the ambition of the world-bound soul. That is its joy unspeakable, the joy of the Lord, when the mirage is banished. Then stands the soul, nude of all limita-

tions and binding impressions. The superimposition of the world has been removed. No longer can the dream impel, for its impelling power has been destroyed.

These are the ideals of the soul,—this ideal of its strength, and this ideal of its sufficiency of Self; these are the ideals of the soul,—this ideal of its imperishableness, and this ideal of its divinity. These are the ideals of the soul,—the ideal of its freedom-rushing life, and the ideal of its essential freedom from the world. These are the ideals of the soul,—this ideal of its oneness with the freedom-conscious being called God, and this ideal of its consequent omniscience, omnipresence, all-blissfulness and omnisentiency.

Hail to the soul, the lord of life, the embodiment of the Self of selves! That Self of selves, He is the one among the myriad many. His is the secret and the heart of life; His is the form and the death of life; His is its creation, preserva-

tion and destruction. His is the all in all. What can surpass the Self? Nothing, for it is both being and non-being; it is both the shadow and the form; it is alike the mystery and the fact; it is alike the thought and the thinker; it is alike the man and the god; it is alike the bestower of bliss and the remover of bliss. Nothing can be predicated of it. It predicates nothing. It is Self-stationed, unconcerned with the world, free and holy, and without any exhaustive power, for neither the productiveness of life, nor the cosmic shadows of death can touch its world-beyondness. It is the vast and the small, the significant and the insignificant, the evil and the good, the sun and the shadow, the moon and its light, the mountain with its verdure, the sea with its waves, the stars with their light and their speed. But, beyond all, it is the All-Beyond. It is the life and thought and soul and Self of all that is and that is beyond. It is the

quality and essence of the Deity. It is God, aye, and it is the maker of gods. All hail to it! Salutation endless, for it is the Light of the World!

CONCERNING ITS LIFE

CHAPTER III

CONCERNING ITS LIFE

He who dies to life, achieves life. He who renounces, attains. He who gives up, comes into the possession. He who obeys, wins command. Through humbleness of heart, one attains the spiritual perfection with its exalted power and realization of Self. The life of the soul is to be sensed in one way alone and by none other. This way is the path of renunciation. For the soul all must be renounced; all attachments must be broken, all dreams abandoned, all myths, however alluring, forsaken; the entirety of the world must be given up, never to be re-absorbed into the mind. All must be thrown overboard into the sea of death. Everything must. At all events it does. Death and change

carry all before themselves. Nothing is left behind. But death is something we cannot avoid. The renunciation, thus made, is the renunciation of necessity. It is not the conscious renunciation of the enlightened mind; for, in spite of death and the great mass of spiritual experience it should awaken, the mind remains attached. Attachment, thus, does not lie in the external, but consists of a bondage of mind. The mind is the vessel into which the waters of desire are constantly running, mostly with storm. It is the cessation of this mad flow that is desired, and in that cessation is the bliss of renunciation and the activity and the joy of renunciation. It is this ideal to which we must rear our vision. This is the great teaching of the Masters. It is ours to follow and to practice.

In this abandonment of life is the life of the soul. Its existence shines forth unlimited when the body-dream, the mortal dream has been broken, never to re-form.

We must be courageous in soul, having through a great discrimination of thought, arrived at that point where mortal life stands relative to our consideration, and we easily renounce it in mind and heart, seeking to put into its place our regard of the super-physical and super-mental soul.

Our ideas of life are constantly on the change. We are altering and re-altering our conceptions of the valuable and the true, and thus we progress to more perfect realizations of soul. For the soul is the goal of truth; it is the truth; it is the reality of the real; it is the essence of the essential. The soul's life is divinity actualized. Here divinity is an ideal of our adoration; in the soul that which is adored is witnessed as divine. The world throughout, the ages throughout, there has been going on this great struggle to put aside the vanities of existence,—and this struggle has been the positive and constructive phenomenon called religion. And yet religion is intensely human; be-

cause of its very humanness, therefore, we consequently find religious ideas changing and changing. New ideas of the soul are being brought forth under the influence and pressure of the necessities of the times. More and more of the grandeur of the soul is manifesting itself in the enlightened mind of the world, and with this enlightment comes a newness of effort in an ever-widening horizon of reality and truth.

There is no infallibility in thought; therefore ideas are transformed and retransformed. There is no infallibility in form; for do we not see forms change and re-shape themselves under the magician-like influence of thought? Truth is infallible, both with regard to its absolute condition and its relative revelations. It must be remembered that the truth of yesterday, which has been transmuted into the error of today, existed as truth before and that its aspect to the ultimate truth has been changed, not because of a change

in the being of truth, but in the mind of man. Infallibility, like eternity and ultimate truth, is of the soul. When we once have sensed its life for us there is no more searching; for us there is no more coming and going in the realms of truth. For us there is no longer doubt and anxiety. All doubts have been solved. "This mortal hath then become the immortal; all bonds, also, have been broken, and the soul is free."

Weavers of dreams, we labor in the field of life, but the harvest which is to come of our efforts is fraught with many difficulties in the coming up. There are the rains of blind thoughts which harm, and the evil winds of desire and a lack of the spiritual sun of knowledge, and the pall of ignorance hangs overhead.

The sower of seeds must have the courage of the most fearless and the patience of the eternities; for the soul, who is the sower of seeds, has the eternities at its beck. The endless durations are

ours; the perpetutities of life are ours; the regions of infinity are ours. We have all time at our command and all space. The event must come,—the event of soul when it realizes its nature. Of this are we sure. "Though the way be long, the end is sure." Ours is the heritage of the sages; ours is the birthright of the disenthralled. With folded arms and with serenity of soul we may await, divinely, the great occasion,—when the struggle shall have passed into victory; when the effort shall have become the success; when the steep ascent shall have been mastered; when the difficulties that lie between the realms of mind and heart shall have been disentangled,—and the soul shines forth, blissful, omniscient, pure and omniexistent. Nothing can bind us ultimately, for have we not the power of the universe behind us? Have we not the strength of the cosmos on our side? We are the victors in advance; ours is the conquest beforehand. We are the indomitable ones, for we are the soul. The

Over-Soul is the Self in us; the World-Soul is our Self. Need we fear, however deep we have entered the waters of the ocean of the world; need we fear, however dense the darknesses, however long the list of myths which bind? "Have faith in yourselves," said a great sage. "Before you can have faith in God, you must have faith in yourselves." True, faith is the external, however great it might be, does not equal that faith which the wise and the seers of truth have concerning their Self.

In whom shall we have faith; in whom shall we trust if not in ourselves? Naked and alone we come into this world; naked and alone we pass out of this world; and we are alone in the struggle. When the great victory is realized, then, too, we stand alone, facing the infinities and the eternities,—alone. This is not a hopeless outlook, however. Shall we not fight the battle by ourselves? How glorious the sense of freedom when we feel that we

have fulfilled our duties and responsibilities as the result of our effort? By ourselves we have fought; by ourselves, as well, have we conquered. The world may profit and benefit through our effort, but, as for ourselves, we are not concerned with the fruits of our effort. If the world is redeemed through the efforts of the sage in realizing Self, well and good. The redeemer of the world first realizes his own nature; then, that realization, of itself and as a natural consequence, saves the world. We are the heroes and we the conquerors. With new versions of the teaching with regard to our nature, with the birth of new and great philosophies, we have cast aside, as worthless, the false notions about ourselves. No longer do we say that we are weak; no longer do we call ourselves sinners; no longer do we declare that another must save us. Our dependence has gone; our sense of independence in soul has come upon us, never to be given up. We are of the celestial heights. Ours is

the empyrean abode where the emancipated dwell.

Then, off with all fetters, O soul! Release! That is the cry; release of soul from the bondages of the world. The world is the burden resting upon our shoulders. We are, as it were, gigantic Atlases, stronger, if we only knew, than the force upon which the world rests. The world rests upon us, not we upon the world. The soul of us is so vast that the world is lost in its depths. It becomes smaller than an atom, smaller, even, than the smallest. It becomes naught. It sinks into the eternal oblivion before the super-world-sweeping vision of the elect. The world is indebted to the soul, not the soul to the world. Watchmen are we on the towers of life, reviewing the grandeurs of our own life of soul. We are the astronomers seeking to know the stars of destiny of the soul; for, above all, the soul is master of the destinies of life.

Ours is the kingdom, and we are the

king. At will, we can disabandon the army of details which constitutes life. At will, we can disperse the minions of life, the courtiers of sense and thought, and retire into the royal apartments of our nature. The kingdom is ours; nor are we, the king of soul, under any restrictions. We are the soul, the absolute monarch of all it surveys. That is our destiny; that is our ideal; that is our life.

Stupid is this knowledge of man; as said the Bible of old, "the wisdom of man is foolishness with God." Yes, all our knowledge, compared with His omniscience, is so much folly, so much disenchantment, so much disillusion. And God is the soul in us, which nature can never manifest; for in all the eternities there are no opportunities for the complete manifestation of it, nor can the entire universe embody its all-containingness.

Bliss is of the soul only. In naught else is there bliss. Reaction follows in the wake of the pleasures of the senses,

the reaction of sorrow. Long the dream of sense enjoyment, but still longer and more intense the series of sorrow, the sequence of pain! Who knows the day when sorrow overtakes joy? It may come immediately; it may stand waiting in the near or in the distant future, but it exists potential in the state of pleasure. That is the result of the dual constitution of the universe. There is no light without shade, no luminousness without darkness. There is no joy without pain; there is no truth without error; the finite stands in relation to the infinite; the abstract stands in relation to the concrete, the unconditioned to the conditioned, and *vice versa*. Freedom exists only alongside the idea of bondage. This is a world of relativity and relations. One cannot escape the turnings of the wheel. The spokes follow each other in perfect succession, and the spoke that was uppermost becomes nethermost, and again the turning brings it uppermost. Such is the fate

of the dual order of life; such is the chance occurrence of the ever-changing relativeness with which life is rife.

Bliss, when of the soul, is permanent; it is all-enduring. Nothing can tarnish it; nothing can change it; nothing can affect it. That bliss is never followed by reaction. It resides divine and eternal in the soul. It is the natural state of the soul, freed from the moorings of life, the moorings of smallnesses in sense and thought.

Lift high the banner of the soul; exalt the standards of the soul, O mind! Why let the dream continue longer? High time that it should be broken, for outside the pale of life is the soul. It interpenetrates life as the finite and the conditioned; it exists outside life as the limitless, the free, the boundless, the exalted, the pure, the inviolable in sacredness, the gist and meaning of all struggle, the ideal of all ideals, the vision to which all relative visions turn in their grand ensemble. Lo,

all these conditions are of the soul! They constitute that life. Life can hold the mind for a while, but, in the due course of its experience, it will eventually waive aside the bounds of life and soar into the nameless, formless, unconditioned essence. O soul, thou alone art the guide to thy dwelling-place; thou alone dost know the secret path? Thy voice is the voice of the Silence ringing with divine clarity of sound above the din of the universe! Thou are the light on the path! Thine are the ancient memories eternal of the life before the making of the cosmic day! Thou didst witness the cosmic dawn! Thou shalt witness the cosmic cessation when all falls into the grinding, dissolving whirlpool of destruction! Thou are beyond all names! Thou hast never known birth and death! To thee the names father and mother are vanities; thou knowest no separate friend; the Self in all is thy friend! Thou, thy Self, art the meaning and the explanation; thou art the unravelling of

the mysteries; thou hast known Life beyond life; thou hast known Truth beyond truth, for the Truth is thy Self, and thou art the Truth!

Foolishly, man seeks help elsewhere. Benighted, he calls unto the gods. Can the gods help, or even the God of the gods? Nay, alone, O soul, thou are supremely sufficient in thy Self, for the Self of thee is, as well, the Self of the Cosmic Whole. The Over-Soul and the Self are One. There is no difference, nor can there be. There is an absolute relation of the world to life, but the soul knows no relations, neither relative nor relative-less. It is the unsurpassed essence, the omni-embracing, the depth-underlying, the height-super-reaching. The magnitude of the soul is inconceivable. With its size nothing in the universe compares. Easily does it carry the world upon its formless presence, and easily does it move it on to its destinies. The thought of the emancipated soul is beyond description. It is

no thought, and yet it is omniscient. Who can understand thee, O soul? Only thy Self can fathom the immeasurableness of thee.

Whatever is beautiful in life, whatever is shining, whatever is irresistible, whatever is charming, whatever is great, whatever is majestic, whatever is sublime, whatever entices the heart and mind of man here in life,—the bliss of the soul surpasses it. Whatever is wonderful to the eye, to the ear, to the tongue, to the nostrils, whatever is thus appealing,—still it cannot compare to the intoxication of that divine bliss which is the soul's own. What are the glories of the mountains compared to the glory of the soul? What are the seas, and the suns, and the stars, and the worlds in the light of the super-mundane glory of the soul?

O soul, the worldly do not understand thee; and yet, it is no miracle, for how could they? Upon that which the mind concentrates, to that it speeds, and if the

mind speeds soul-wards, it is because it has placed its concentration with the soul, its longing with the soul, its love with the soul.

Forlorn in the trackless forest of this universe, what shall be the compass by which we find our way? Plunged into the net-work of life, what shall be the escaping. Lost in the deserts of desire and worldliness, what shall be the firmly stationed path by which we escape following the mirage?

There is this hope, that by the very law through which we came into the world, by that very law shall we be liberated. And the liberation shall be of our own doing just as the bondage is of our own choosing. The world is a veil. Let us lift it. The Beyond shall then be made manifest, and we shall never desire anything else once we have seen the glories of the light beyond the world. In the darkness of the world there is no hope; there is realization beyond. Life is, to the enlight-

ened, a series of constantly changing experiences by which the soul rises gradually to an immense and intense realization of its innate worth and divinity. Life is the warp and woof of our own wish; we can enlarge it to that degree which is equal to emancipation, if we but wish sufficiently intensely and desire the greatest conceivable thing, which is the reality of God, the reality of the soul. Desire is not wrong, of itself. In its misapplication it is wrong. It is in the misapplication wherein the evil arises. And the misapplication is due, primarily, to a lack of discrimination as to what is desirable. Our desire must be educated.

So long as we desire petty things, how can we expect the fulfilment of the most exalted longing? We are many times over the victims of this great force, known as desire, when we should be its masters. Intelligence should mould the will, but, as it is, instinct controls it. Instinct rushes through the orders of the mind impelling

the will. It is from this subconscious desire that we seek escape. It is from will uncontrolled that we seek emancipation. Emancipation from bondage is man's constant cry. If it is poverty which binds him, he seeks escape from that, and expresses, in a relative degree, the power of the soul in the overcoming of poverty. He finds obstacles in nature confronting him on all sides and he seeks liberations from them by mastering them through the power of the soul.

All power is of the soul. Now, it expresses itself as intellectual power, then as emotional power, then as the power of command over nature. Wonderful and most marvellous is the power of the soul! No one can understand the underlying current of omnipotence, of which humanity is using a faint share, except him who has seen his own soul, except him who wills with iron determination to rid himself of all delusions.

Who can measure the expansive joy of

the soul? Who understands the peace that passeth all mortal understanding? Who knows the unknown soul? Who has sounded its bottomless depths? Who has seen into the mirror of the enlightened mind through which and in which the Self of the soul is seen? O it is for us to struggle onward and upward, not caring for results, not caring for the fruits of our labor, but diligently pursuing our purposes in life, bearing ever in mind the existence of the soul. Holy, sacred and pure is the life of the soul. Religion is the worship of the soul; philosophy recites the glories of the soul; nature is the material portrayal of the soul. The endlessness of the soul, its deathlessness, its everlasting integrity,—these are the great thoughts upon which the mind must concentrate. Aye, there is something within us which is God. There is something in us which is eternal. It is the soul. It is the life of the soul. There is nothing but the soul, nothing but the invincible soul, and it is

the One without a second in this manifold universe.

Could we see, however dimly, the light of the soul, how inconsequential and how secondary would the whole world immediately become! How relative would its importance be as compared with the importance of the soul! The world is the myth; the soul is the reality. God is the soul; than the soul there is no other God. Had we the faith of a god, immediately the circumstances that form our life and environment would change, we would find the eternal in the midst of this temporal life; we would find the deathless one midst this dying world; we would find the truth absolute amidst its changing phases. All the saints and the sages have been seeking it and, seeking, have found it. They have knocked at the portals of the infinite, and behold, the infinite has revealed itself to them! They have asked, and have been answered. They have desired, and lo, their

desire has become realization! Even so is life. What we want earnestly and intelligently we shall find somehow or other There is no blocking of the path upon which the soul treads. Mind may make mistakes; mind may be deceived into wanting this and wanting that without the proper discrimination, but the soul, when it is awakened and when it intensely desires, is unvanquishable. All the forces of the universe cannot surround it. All the forms of the universe cannot crowd it out. Its will is indomitable. None can assail it, not the envious gods, nor the malicious demons, if these there be. The soul is God; the soul is God.

Strength must we have,—adamant, indomitable, invincible strength. Trust we must have,—a burning, assertive, positive, constructive trust. Faith we must have, —a live, active, burning faith. These three, strength, trust and faith will carry across the borders of the world when we

have realized it as the house of folly, the abode of myriad vanities, the dwelling-place of the great deceiver of the soul,—misdirected desire. Let us be up and doing! Ours is the conquest and the struggle. The struggle is but the means to surest victory. Ours is the sure gain, for we are sowing the seed which is bound to result in a great harvest. For the seed which we are sowing concerns the highest elements in our nature.

Man is God; if there be God, He must manifest as man. The God-Man, the Man-God,—that is the ideal. We must become one with God,—and the Self in us is God. At all events, we must realize our own nature and the real life of our nature, and then, verily, have we become God. Worship to the indwelling Self is our worship! Belief in the indwelling Self is our belief! Trust in the indwelling Self is our Trust! Boundless faith in the indwelling Self is our faith!

CONCERNING ITS DESTINIES

CHAPTER IV

CONCERNING ITS DESTINIES

We are born into this world,—again, out of it we pass. The coming and the going are matters of great speculation. They have formed subject matters of philosophies and religions, and about these the warp and woof of religious life has been woven. Birth and death,—alike the most commonplace, and yet most mystical facts in life. The motion is from apparent growth to definite decay. The series shifts from youth to old age, from infancy to death. And still the matter stands, unknown. There have been those, however, who have claimed an ascendency over the common mind of man, and say: "We have known that which is for the most unknown, and we have turned this

knowledge into realization. We have discerned the rise and cause and ebb and fading of life; we know, also, whither the rivers of life and death flow."

Religion has preached the existence of the soul. Of course, religion, in its turn, is the emotional spokesman of philosophical realization. Truth has always its dual aspects of reason and emotion. Reason constitutes the compartment of philosophy, and emotion that of religion. But, both are equally essential. Without reason, religion becomes superstition and fanaticism; without emotion, reason is inert and futile of inspiring results. Now for countless ages, reason and emotion have been centered about the mysteries of life and death. They have sought and searched, and found, so they held, the giver of life and death. This giver is the divine life, sentient everywhere and at all times, who has his splendid purposes in bringing forth the creation of the universe, preserving it for the time being, and

again dissolving it into its primal elements. This giver of life religion calls God. Through emotion it brings about an intimate and divine relation between God and man. Reason calls the giver of life and death by various names and presents his existence under various forms. But both religion and philosophy unite in holding that there is a great background to life which forms its constituent essence, from which it emanates and again into which it returns. It is the Self of life and its sentiency. It is the One. If that One exists anywhere it exists within ourselves. It is one with us. It is, in fact, our Self. If the divinity is all-important in the cosmos, it stands to reason that the soul's quest and mission during its living here on earth is the realization of such divinity, the realization of such Godhood.

In this realization is brought about the fulfillment of the destinies of the soul. What are these destinies? The highest privileges in the universe; the highest con-

sciousness in life. By highest is meant the most exalted, the most purified, the most all-embracing, the all-comprehensive consciousness. And this has no relation to space, but to essence. It is not in possession that the soul's destinies are to be found, but in consciousness, and the contents of this consciousness is a sensing of the spiritual and ultimate unity of life, a sensing of the oneness of effort and oneness and sameness of destiny. In that the whole universe is one; in that all life is one. It is in that consciousness of the identity of the individual with the all, not in any physical sense, but in an exaltedly spiritual sense where the gist and meaning of realization lie.

The universe is our interpretation. The universe is the shadow of the self in man, for there are as many universes as there are selves. Accordingly, as the individual superimposes his personality with its distinctive will and series of ideas upon that outer order called life or nature, it imme-

diately becomes, with regard to himself, his particular world, his particular cosmos. Such is the idea of realization. So it is the conception of the universe in which the real universe is found to be embodied. Therefore, let us exalt our conception! In that lies realization. In the attenuation of our idea of what life is, is ultimately to be discovered the very spiritual basis of life itself,—and that basis will be found dwelling in the very essence of our inmost life. Purify the mind; then no evil will exist outside. Purify the mind, and the universe for you will become pure. By the power of exalted thought all the low is transformed into the high, all the commonplace exalted into the divine. By the power of intense, spiritual thought the universe is raised to the dignity of divinity. All the universe is, to the purified, the enunciation of the thought and will of God for him who has the spiritual capacity to see.

These thoughts are required to learn

the destinies of the soul, for these destinies are embodied in the power of man to transform the character and life of his respective universe, or better stated, of his respective conception of the universe. Seen from the cosmic point of view, birth and death are both incidental; life and decay are both incidental; the whole transmigratory series of fluctuation, and rise and fall, and ebb and flow of lives, is incidental; for these are but shifting pictures on the great background,—and the background is God.

O torrents of empyrean truth, stationed, rooted high above the world! O streaming grandeurs of the light divine, —the background of universal luminousness! O radiance celestial of the world beyond the world! O Fires promethean of soul! O soul, the destinies of thee are of the supra-cosmic life; the destinies of thee are of the world of God. Thou art the conqueror over nature; thou art the master of nature; thou art the background of

conditioned life, O thou unconditioned One! Thou art the magician playing with life, like the juggler juggles with his charms! Thou art the thinker behind the thought-formed universe. O soul, thine is the station and the motion of life! Thou art the destruction and preservation at one and the same time! The destinies of soul are of these super-Olympian grandeurs. They are embedded in the bottom foundations of life. They excel these, diving deeper and deeper than life. They are of God, upon Whom the universe rests.

Soaring high above the follies of life are the glories of the soul. Soaring high above all the destinies of earth and the world are the destinies of the soul,—and these are composed of the strength of the soul, its world-conqueringness, its adamant invincibility which the bondages of life cannot shake or shatter.

We are of the earth, earthly; but we are also, of the super-celestial height,

divinity-partaking. It is that divinity which is our true nature; it is that divinity which is the essence of things and the essence of life. And the grandeur of this is, that the divinity is within us, and can be awakened and express itself. Or better put, the combination of mind and sense which forms the "I" can become so purified that the light of the soul will shine forth, manifest in and by itself. Then all struggle ceases, for the purposes of the struggle are made clear and are fulfilled, The thought that this divinity of God is the very divinity in us, and in everything, gives, under the proper motive impulses, a vast realization of who we are when the thought becomes emotion, when we feel concerning this just as we now but think of it.

What can break these bonds of thine, O mind? And how have they come upon thee? The darkness and the delusion is profound in depth, and what and how shall the unravelling be? The web has

been woven tightly and the weaver is himself caught in the web. How then is extrication and liberty to come? From the external? No;—then from the internal. As the weaver has woven the dream, so must he commence the process of unweaving, and the process is long and tedious.

The power within man is endless in potentiality. There is no describing its depths, no gauging its divine profundities. There is this mine of omnipotence stored within us. It is the divinity we are. Nothing can stop our wills, neither nature, nor a personal God, if such there be.

The song of triumph today is the song of the triumph of man over all difficulties that stand in the way of a great Self-consciousness; the worship today is the worship of man, taken in the highest definition of the word, taken in the last and ultimate spiritual meaning. Man is the goal; man is the means reaching that goal. The goal of life is a human goal, and, because of the humanity involved, it is also a di-

vine goal. The goal of aspiration is the realization of man's ideals; the goal of all effort is the emergence of the essence of humanity,—divinity.

Grappling with vigor the evils of life, and with the knowledge of our birthright and destinies, will free us from their bondage. Ours are the rights of gods; ours, thus, is the duty of attaining to the exalted Self-estimation, in which the Self is seen through the divine vision, as God. Grappling with the commonplacenesses of life with divine will, we transform them into divine events and circumstances; for every event is a divine event; every circumstance is a divine circumstance when the enlightened soul takes the initiative in the making and the living. There is nothing of the small in life when we have become great. It is only the purblind whose views are distorted. They with the awakened vision are conscious of the larger realities; they are conscious of the greater destinies. They rise above the

littlenesses with the swiftness of intense desire, throwing aside the weaknesses and follies of life for the realization of That Tremendous Beyond.

The gospel today is that of strength; no commands these days for the soul, except the commands of Self, the commands of independence of soul, the commands of the fulfilling of all destinies regarding the soul. Ours is the greatest of all purposes, ours is the greatest of all missions. There is no other work greater than the work of the mind, purifying itself, so as to receive the light of the soul. It is the privilege of those who are awakened to see by the light of day. Thus, they beheld the horizon of the infinite shine above the limited experience of life. Thus, they witness the unravelling of the infinite perfection in the fulfillment of the destinies of their own souls. Only he who is awake has realized. Only he who has risen to an appreciation of Self is the man. The others are men in name only. Others are

the hypocrites; others are the fools. Only the emancipated from the bondages of mind, only the self-controlled aiming at the Self, understand the import and the purpose of living. The purpose of life looms vast on the horizon, but the fool sees not, for he is blind. He gazes into an illimitable darkness, and the darkness surrounds him, and the darkness holds him fast. He is the pain of his own mind, the sorrow of his own heart, for he refuses to behold the self-evident sun of luminousness and truth.

Stolid like a mass of stone is the mind of him who cannot rise in thought beyond the regions of sense. Stolid and stupid he who remains the slave to his lesser self. Long the whirling through the avenues of birth and death. Long the march through pain and sorrow. O enlightment is distant to him who cannot desire the light; long is the path and winding the ascent, winding through the mists of life, winding and winding, and, with the winding, the vista

changes, the mirage shifts and with the shifting is delusion, and with the delusion, the necessities of slavehood to the mirage. Quick in its passing is life; its vanities are amazing in number. The series of myths is unending, and never-ending is the storm of desire. The fruition of life is death, and the sorrows of life begin with the first sigh. The delusion endures; and in its enduring is the web of the myth of life. O to break the dream into nothingnesses, to rise supreme in divinity of nature and essence, and form, to surpass the limitations of earth and enter into the regions beyond!

Stellar lights seem vast above the earth. Aye, and indeed so. The stellar lights are only the radiations. The spirit and the essential form is beyond. And so with the world; it is a glimpse of the Light of the world. Striking in world-surpassing beauty is the soul. It is the light effulgent, rooted in the infinities, shining agesless through the eternities. Ours is that light.

Can we believe in thee, O soul! O essence of all essences; O sender-forth of all bliss and knowledge, can we believe in thee! Better, is it possible for us not to believe in thee? Aye, to believe in thee is necessity; not to believe in thee is impossible. Can the "I" deny the "I!" Can Self, then, deny the Self; can Self, then, deny the soul? Above the paradox of life is the synthesis of truth; above the lie of life is the shining radiance of the truth. Beyond the death of form is the soul, incapable of annihilation. Beyond the birth of form is the ageless and unthinkable essence, manifesting in form and thought, manifesting in the beauties of nature, manifest in the radiances of thought, manifest in the jewels of the heart, manifest in the priceless jewels of the world's ideals. Aye, that essence of essences is manifest in the decomposition of forms; that essence of essences, is manifest in the destruction of the beautiful, the rise of the universal spectre of annihilation. Great

and all-pervasive is that essence of essences. To it the gods submit, and God. To its death succumbs, and birth. To it are tributary all the senses and their experiences. In comparison with it the sun is naught, nor the lights of the worlds, nor the planets, nor the speeding nebulae. The destroyed mass of a billion suns combined cannot compare with the formlessness of that essence of essences, nor the universal akasha, or ether. It is the comparisonless. It is the universal sentiency, —that essence of essences. Above all, it is the soul.

Remember O man, the destinies which are thine! Art thou the fool, then, disbelieving in thine own Self, when it is vaster than the largest, and more minute than the smallest! Arouse thy Self, O snow-white in thine indwelling purity! The gates of the cosmos cannot prevail against thee.

O the perpetual flow of thought, constantly enlarging its currents, constantly

deepening its depths! O the torrents of the philosophies and the sciences! O the knowledge of the astronomers and the loud and sumptuous music of the composers in tone! Aloud, sing high the praises of the human mind! Sing, with vociferous acclaim, the glory of the heart of man! How wonderful his penetration into the Mystery! How remarkable his mastering of all knowledge! How rigorously searching his quest into the Purpose of life! Marvellous art thou, O man, most marvellous! Nor can life understand thee. Birth cannot encompass thee, nor death. Evolution and dissolution thou knowest and art growing more and more conscious of thy power over these. Stupendous the thought of man, like Titan vessels sailing o'er the depths of life. Before its sweeping course the soul overwhelms the world. Before its tempestuous onrush of divinity the world is lost to view. The soul is the soul; it is not the body. The body does not contain it; it

contains the body. The body is its servant. It is the master. The mind is not the soul, nor can it be. The mind is the vice-regent of the soul, performing the functions of the soul,—the gaining of knowledge and bliss,—here in the world of experience.

The destinies of the soul are world-transcending. What, after all, is life? Is it so vast that the soul cannot reach superior to it? The soul is not subordinate to life. It is the master of life. Life is one of the phenomena of the soul. There may be many others, for the soul has the potentiality of infinite multiplicity. It has manifested itself as life; it can manifest itself in a myriad other varied manifestations. The differentiations in nature are manifold. The world is complex in every department and in plane of being. But all the spheres and planes of being are not essentially different, for the end of them all is the revelation of the soul. We must travel by all paths of experience;

we must have trodden all the ways of life before we are worthy to stand upon the prodigious summit, from which the whole of life is surveyed. O that we could reach the summit here and now, and in this very earth-time! O that we could soar with the wings of morning to that summit, the goal of life.

There is nothing in the universe of which we cannot become masters. Has not man, in very truth, given names to the wheeling suns and the speeding stars? Has he not given names to the animals and to the minerals and to all vegetable lives? Has he not ascended the mountain top and communed with the stars, searching and discovering their composition and movement? And will the time not come when further and myriad more astounding discoveries shall arise from out the questioning mind and the questioning heart of man? Who can deny the glory of man, or who disclaim his divine heritage? He is heir to Him Whose will gave

birth to the cosmos, and as the Creator abounds in the knowledge of the created, so man, too, shall abound in that knowledge. Of course, there is a greater destiny beyond,—the knowledge that the Creator possesses with regard to his Self. In that too we must unite. We must partake, as well, of That. For the Creator is beyond His creation. The Lord of the universe is beyond His universe. With Him, therefore, we, too, must rise,—above all finiteness to the absolute, above all the relative to the nature of the infinities, above all time to the eternities, above all form to the formless, above the space of the world, to the formlessness beyond. Such is the intention we must have, such the aim to which effort must be applied, such the glory to which we must aspire, such the end to be realized.

There alone is peace,—utterly beyond. There alone is bliss. There alone all strife ceases. There alone reigns the soul, immutable, everlasting, unconditioned, eter-

nally the pure, eternally the free, eternally the Self-knowing, eternally the Self-stationed, eternally the Self-sufficient, eternally the Self-conscious. There alone, above the din of the world, is the immeasurable silence which is God. There alone is the sacred and eternal quietude, the unending and unwavering consciousness of the innate divinity of us. There alone is the region of the unembodied where the free in soul dwell truly immortal, one with the ancient inscrutable. There alone is the sublime, the truly good, the truly beautiful, for there the changes of change cannot come; there the gloom of ignorance cannot rise; there the stain of sin cannot be found; there, the dream has no binding quality; there, the misery and the shadows of the world cannot reach. There is the awakened state; there, the many has become the One. There, the cosmos has become God. There, the light has become the effulgence. There, the endlessness of life has surpassed itself. There the Self

alone stands, unequalled, paramount to all considerations, paramount to all life, paramount to both being and non-being, paramount to virtue and vice, ignorance and knowledge. For in that state, there is no more knowing, but knowledge. The effort has become transformed into success. There the intention has become the fact. There the man has become God.

In the bosom of that infinite transcendence the soul is Self-awakened. It stands upon the world-mountain-height of realization. The infinites are beneath it; and both time and eternity. The embodiment of universal space as well as the bodyless spacelessness are beneath it. All coverings have been taken off. Nude of life, free and external is the soul in that state. It is beyond the superior and the inferior. It is beyond the shadow and the light. The blaze of the light of the universe cannot reveal it, and it is not sullied by the darkness of the world-myth. O the glories and the heights celestial and super-

celestial of the liberated soul! O the amazing masses of super-effulgence which form the unthinkable life of That, the boundless and the borderlandless!

What is this world, O man, that thou shouldst be bound by it? O man what are these trinkets of the senses that they should allure? What the form of the world that thou shouldst seek to possess it? What are the pearls of the stars, or the golden glory of the day, or the unquenchables fire of life that thou shouldst seek to possess them? Thine are thine own glories, O soul! Thine are thine own greatnesses! Than thine own life, nothing shines. What can surpass thy magnitude? What can excel the longitudes and latitudes of thee?

Therefore, let us put faith in our own selves and in the super-mundane Self of life! Let us bridle the will, so that it will no longer seek external destinies, but remain sublimely contented with its inherent beauty and glory and divinity and with its

own destinies. The soul is the ruler of all, the Self of all, the enlightener of all minds, the strength of all effort, the boundless enthusiasm making for the redemption of the mind of man from life.

CONCERNING ITS QUALITIES

CHAPTER V

CONCERNING ITS QUALITIES

The prophets and teachers of the world, the poets and the musicians, the artists and the philosophers, all have labored in the task of proving the relative inferiority of nature. They have taken nature as they have found it and have, through the magical transforming of thought, changed the real into the ideal. They have made the actual the ideal; they have rendered the material in the terms of the spiritual. With that peculiar awakening of consciousness, possessed by those lovers of the beautiful, the world loses its commonplace aspect and becomes the herald of the divine order; everything speaks to the poet of That which is beyond everything. All the beauties of nature are radiations of a

great and super-celestial beauty. All the glories of the universe are but refractions of that innate greatness of man by which he causes the beautiful to arise at his longing.

Nature is a coating beneath which is the all-pregnant, universal radiance. Nature is a stupendous pall; the form lying beneath is the actual form of God. Nature is the residence of an owner who is, as it were, not at home, being ever concerned with the more momentous life and the valuable interests of his Self.

There is something which we call life, and there is something, upon which life acts, which we call nature. There is something internal as compared with something external. There is the soul as well as the body. There is the inner as well as the outer man. There is the spirit as well as the form; there is the subject as well as the object; there is the universe and there is its lord.

The life of the universe is only an in-

cident as compared with the ageless life of the soul. The world is only a lightning flash as compared with the radiance of the eternities. As the outer universe has extent, so the world of the soul has also its extent; in the case of the one there is change and destruction; in the case of the other there is neither change nor destruction. The magnitudes of the external cannot as much as touch the longitude-and-latitude-less soul. The great forms of life cannot enter the region of the soul's formlessness.

And yet doubts after doubts so often come; days dawn and nights arrive with their gloom and the heart often desponds, often questions, often wonders, hopes against hope, reasons against and for the form of truth; and the heart sighs. But the heart conquers, as it is destined that it should conquer. For nothing can withstand the heart. Reason may overcome itself; reason may vanquish its own efforts; reason may dispose of its own

surety; reason may mock its own finding; reason may laugh hollow at its own finding; reason may betray her own counsels; reason may reason against reason; but there is the heart. The heart cannot be touched by the waywardnesses of reason; the heart is sure of its own surety; the heart never doubts; the heart never fails; the heart never retreats. It may waver along the wayside, but its wavering is a wavering of pain rather than of doubt. The heart may pause, but never recede. The heart may stop to review its own experience, but it never can and never will deny that experience. The heart may find fault because of a lack of its own intensity; it may belabor itself with reproach for not having attained a more permanent surety, a more invincible position, but it will never shut its own doors to the spiritual light. It will never, like reason, close all the portals of soul and remain confined within the shadows of its own gloom. It will never covet darkness and weakness

like the mind and reason. It will never thwart the free inflow of the light beyond reason. It will never turn back the tides of the soul. The heart will never find fault with the refraction of the light universal. It will never court the withdrawal of its own power. It will never station itself against the incoming of the divine impetus. It will never reason against the creator of impulses, the soul.

The heart is our guide and our life; the heart is our surety and finding. The heart is our repose and our dwelling-house. The heart is the tabernacle wherein is enshrined the august presence of the soul. The heart is passive and receptive. Reason is positive and aggressive. Reason turns and turns the wheels of thought; there is no revolving of the wheels of thought in the heart. The heart feels; the heart desires; the heart performs. Reason, with all her vaunted power, with all her vaunted precisions, with all her radiances, cannot be compared with the im-

maculate essence of the heart. The heart alone is the guide; reason is the critic; the heart is the poet; the heart is the artist and the creator. And as the creator rises superior to the thing created, so the poet of the heart, the indwelling artist of the heart, the heart-seated creator of all art and beauty rises, also, superior to the cold critic of reason.

The heart is our passport on the roadway of life. The heart is our strength; reason, seemingly so strong, weakens before the overwhelming power of the heart. Reason is the boaster; the heart is the performer of deeds. Reason is the blatant heralder of things; the heart is the center of them. Reason is the loquacious servant, speaking everywhere concerning the secret quests of heart, and thus defiles them. The heart is the quiet and the peaceful. It seeks and is sought in the silence. It moves and dwells in the soundless. It speaks not save in the solitude of the speechless. It is spoken to only in

the inmost recesses of sound. It is the speechless, and yet speaks louder than all the vociferous clamor of life.

Sunken depths of the heart, sunken beneath the universe,—who can sound ye! The heart is the reposing place of the infinite nature of things. It is the repository of all the potential qualities of life and of these in expression. It is the resting-locality of all the lives that are, for underneath the surface structure the heart is one and equal, ever and forever same and eternal. That undercurrent is conscious of no distictions; it is the distinctionless. It knows naught of the woe on the surface. It is deeper than woe or pleasure; it is deeper than bliss and deeper than knowledge. No one can fathom; no one can understand. The nature of the heart is the nature of the soul, and the qualities of the heart are qualities of soul. There is no difference.

O undercurrents of the universe, ye are of the heart! Unthinkable ye and incon-

ceivable! Ye are of the soul; of the soul ye are; of aught else ye cannot be! Verily is this the truth; verily is this the reality! Fathomless and on the surface alike; undercurrent and the flow and ebb of the tide as well!

Mind belongs to the realm of the fading; the heart is of the vast imperishable order, knowing no finiteness, knowing no limitations, free from carnality, free from sense-nourishment, free from all sense-clingings. The mind changes and changes; but the enlightened heart is immutable, eternal, resting in divinity, having realized its oneness, its identity with the everlasting principles of deity.

The heart has nothing in common with the changes of the mind. It is deeper, even, than consciousness; for consciousness flows from it. It is deeper than mind; mind is one of its expositors only. The senses are its driftings into the web of life. It, itself however, is the ever-same. It super-reaches the height; it

under-reaches the last depth. It has mastered the secret of life, and yet it is that secret. At one and the same time it is the positive and negative. The universe with its endless aspects of dual life and experience, dual thought and action reverts about the heart, as the spokes of the wheel and the wheel, itself about the axle. The heart is the compass of experience, if we listen to its biddings and if we heed and understand its secret whisperings. It is the agent and the director, managing the drama of life behind the scenes of the universe. The heart is the temple and the idol; the universe, with its myriads of forms of life and form are the worshippers, and the prayer arising is composed of all the concordances and discordances in the universe, making a vast super-universal music. There in that music one hears the sigh of ecstacy and the sigh of pain in the weaving of the song or composition. Behold! The gods dance with delight at the sound of the sounds rising

from earth, for they are mingled and are of the sorrows and ecstacies of lives; they are of the ponderous motions of this planet; they are of the speech of flowers and of birds, and of light and of day and of night. All these are but glimpses of the underlying heart, seeking all that the sage renounces. Concerned is he with the heart; the surface relations,—he seeks to get beyond their touch.

It is the heart which should guide, for it is the sun midst the otherwise-night. It is the burning radiance amid the gloam. It is the wondrous sound midst the soundless universe. It is the sight of the eye, the hearing of the ear; it is the taste of the tongue, the feeling of the senses. It is the living force, life-building and life-preserving. That is the heart. All the rest is the noisy note on the surface; it is the expression of That which expresses and is yet never completely expressed. There is that fathomlessness of which man dreams as God,—there in the beyond-day and be-

yond-night of the heart. There it dwells beyond speech and beyond taste, beyond mind and beyond form, beyond sound and beyond sight. There it dwells,—the firmly-stationed and the pure, the holy and the exalted, the incomparable and the unique, the ageless and the immortal. There it dwells the supreme and the unconditioned. There it dwells the absolute beyond the relative, the whole beyond all parts, without any trace of the world about it. It is the Self of the world; it is the Self of the soul. That heart is the living sentiency. It is the One expressing itself in myriad-fold ways; it is the One seeking expression amid the diverse universe. The heart is our salvation, do we but seek it amid the mire of life. The hollownesses of life tend to encompass the heart. They draw a curtain in front of its sanctuary. They put a pall over its presence. Having entered the vacuities of life, they cast shadows of immense proportion across the formless, universal sentiency,

making it appear in many multiple ways, when it is single.

From the heart issues the spirit of beauty, the form of beauty, the soul of beauty. From the heart emanates the surge of the sublime. From the heart is projected the fire of fervent emotions, kindled on the altar of soul, emotions that burn the veils of the dream and permit wonderful glimpses of That which is existent the other side of the great curtain of life. Myriadfold the glories of the heart. Whatever is remarkable in tone, whatever is remarkable in form, whatever is sacred to the senses of man, whatever in the realms of the universe attracts, in spiritual and exalted ways, the mind of man,—know that to have preceded from the heart. Ugliness and distortion and misrepresentations of the beautiful are not the result of the workings of the heart, its deep and silent, secret, mystical and divine workings, but of the veiling tendencies of the mind uneducated to the ways of the

heart. These things exist alone for him whose eyes have not been opened to the great light of the heart, whose ears have not as yet heard the musical sweetnesses, the ravishing harmonies, exquisite and thrilling into the divinity of the world, of the heart. Great and august, inviolable in its purity, is the heart of life. Spotless in unexampled stainlessness is that heart whose depths divine the sharp edge of the forces of life have not hurt.

Eloquent this tongue of the heart; the universe is its speech. Its rhetorical pauses are the great periods of dissolution through which life and the cosmos pass. Great is this eloquence of the heart. Its metaphors are suns and flying worlds. Its similes are the incomparable paragons of the divine natures.

The heart is God; it is the great geometrician. From its life have preceded in regular order the mathematical concordances of life external. The sun is its figure and the orbit of the earth. The

mean distance between the last born star and the first-born sun of matter it wots and has realized.

The heart is the remarkable musician, and the music of the spheres are its composition. The heart is the musician and the roaring or the murmur of the seas, the sigh of roses and butterflies, the torrential thunders of violent storms and the songs of the nightingale, the mumbling of rivulets and the seething voluminousness of waterfalls,—all these are of its will and by it are they born.

The heart is the painter supreme. Behold! The glories of the vari-colored clouds, the colored shadows on mountain, plain and sea. Behold! The glow, varied and magnitudinous, of Jupiter and Mercury and the violet effulgence of Orion are its doings. The heart is the sculptor, for out of rude matter has it hewn the unsearchable size of the sun. From universal substance has it formed the universal form. Out of the bosom of the state

primeval has it carved the forms of day and night, of shadow and light, of mind and body.

Wonderful this activity of the heart! Only God can comprehend it and the shackles of the world-freed soul. The heart is a revelation of the inconceivable, of the unknowable. The possible forms of its expression are beyond the conception of possible imagination. They are as multiple in potentiality as are the moments of the eternities.

For the sake of the heart the monk renounces all; the spiritual geniuses renounce the universe. The Christ and the Buddha were examples. Great were they in thought; masters of logic were they; but, above all, they were searchers of the heart. And what the heart teaches, —that they realized. Theirs was the life of the heart; theirs were the fruitions of the heart; theirs was the vision of the heart-enlightened, theirs was the truth the inmost search into life reveals; theirs was

the glories coming into the possession of him who penetrates into the heart. Theirs were the victories over sense and thought the emancipated have experienced, who, freeing themselves from the taint and from the form of the world, enter the formless space of the heart. They are the knowing ones. The world is the house of ignorance. The knowing ones have deserted it; they have found it empty, although it is so seemingly full. The house of the world is not firmly stationed. It rests on the sands of time and change. It is subject to dissolution and destruction. Death and pain are its real occupants. Therefore do the sages abandon it, gladly wandering from out the so-called luxuries and comforts into seeming want and into struggle. And theirs is the gain and the victory. Theirs is the mastery over all difficulties; theirs is the conquest over the illusion. Theirs is the crown as victors over the foes for sense and sense experience.

All hail to the conquerers of life! They are of the heart of life; they are of its soul; they are of its Self, for what difference can there be between the heart and the soul and the Self? Ultimately and even relatively considered, are they not one? The underlying heart is the underlying essence; the underlying essence is the underlying soul; the underlying soul is the Self.

What can excel the heart? Not all the triumphs of mind; not all the masses of form. The sun cannot surpass it, nor the moon; the air cannot contain it, nor the universal void; the fire cannot burn it, nor can the water wet it. It is the permanent and the indestructible. It is the ancient and the everlasting. Before the beginning it was, and it has survived many ends. It has seen many births and dissolutions of cosmoses. It has witnessed, innumerable times, the transfiguration of matter into mind, of mind into heart, of heart into soul, and soul, again, into Self

—from which all things proceed. It has seen and seen and shall ever see That Everlasting One. It realizes eternally the world-transcendingness of the God in man, of the divine in the soul.

The heart is the love of the beloved and of him who loves. It is the music of the musician and his ideal; it is the thought of the philosopher; yes, and the impetus which causes him to reflect. It is the dissipation of form at death, and the remodelling of it at birth. It is the inflation and the removal of the spirit in forms. It is the changeless; the universe passes over its surface. It is the everlasting; time cannot destroy it, nor cause it to endure for a longer or a shorter time. It is the eternal.

Praying to that heart of life, we can say. "O light of the universe, from the unreal, lead us to the real; from darkness, lead us to light; from death, lead us to immortality. Reach us through and through ourselves; evermore save us by showing to

us Thy Sweet Compassionate Face." The heart of life is the supreme sentiency. That sentiency, earnestly entreated through fervid desire and fervid prayer, will surely lead us through the mirage to the real form; shall lead us through the glamor of error to the reality of truth; shall lead us from the myth of life to the spirit; shall lead us through the mire to the purity of the heart's virgin beauty; shall lead us through the miseries of life to perpetual beatitude.

"There is the light, from it a might doth come, an overpowering might that no obstruction knows. It is the free. Deep-seated doth it rest within the heart." Yes, as much as there is beauty in the heart, as much as there is passivity and sweetness, as much as there is truth and inestimable goodness, so also is there strength in the heart and the power that knows no bounds, the power that breaks to atoms all difficulty. Power is another aspect of the qualities of the heart and of the soul.

Many the paths that bind the heart and many the paths that free, but however circuitous the route it must eventually lead to God, and truth and life unbounded. No matter where the starting point, if a man leaves it to cross the paths of the earth, he will return to that starting-point. There is no mistaking of the path in life. Sometimes, caution is required, and circumspection; but one thing above all is required. It is an understanding of the nature and the life of the heart. Once we have discerned it, for us there is neither doubt nor struggle. Ours is freedom. No longer can we be bound, for we have entered the region of the heart, and that is boundless. Men dream and dream and dream, but dreaming never brought man to the goal, except that dreaming which is intense activity and a sure vision of the ideal. But the majority of dreams do not relate to great visions of life, but the paltry, secondary and passing circumstances, to paltry and incidental facts.

The sphere of life is too broad for us to lose our balance. We can enter the sphere and pass around and about its circumference, but it is the center which we should make every effort to reach, and that center is the heart. It is nothing else; it is the heart and core of truth, the essence and the reality of the soul, the essence of the essence which is the Self and life and truth and reality and permanent goodness and beauty and love, and real existence, knowledge and bliss.

The goal is neither in this direction, nor in that; it is not in this locality, nor in that. It is in the heart of the life we are living. It is the spirit which is made incarnate here on this earth. It is the Self which we are constantly aiming to approximate, and it is this Self which is the heart of life and its goal. It is this Self which is the breathing essence. It is this Self which is endowed with all blissful qualities. It is this unknowable Self which is the heart of the inmost relations

of life. It is this Self which is the reality of ourselves. It is this Self of which the heart is the superlying and underlying manifestation, exposed to view both as nature and as mind, both as form and as soul.

Thou art the imperishable One, O soul! Thy heart is the same as thee; thy soul and thy heart are one with thy Self. Unknowable art thou, for who can know thee? Wert thou knowable, then wouldst thou also belong to the realm of the objectified, but thou art the external subject. Thou art the Self beyond research, beyond all examination, beyond all analysis, beyond all perambulation of thought, beyond all circumferences and circumspections of mind.

Thou art the limitless, O heart of soul, O soul of Self! Thy qualities are ineradicable. Thy presence in nature is the personal God. Thy presence beyond nature is the infinite. Thus art thou at once the relative, the finite and the One

without relations, the One above all finiteness. Thou art, at once, the perceiver and the perceived; thou art the subject and the object; thou art the knower, the knowable and the known. Truly, wonderful is the nature of thee. Incomprehensible thy life; universal thy form; unknown the paths that lead to thee, for the Self is to be known by the deathless Self only; when that deathlessness is reached, then that Self becomes apparent as the omnipresent Self-indwelling life. And "That art Thou," O man!

CONCERNING ITS QUALITIES (CONTINUED)

CHAPTER VI

CONCERNING ITS QUALITIES (CONTINUED)

Life is the battle-field. We are the combatants, and the test and gist of the combat is our own nature. The glorious nature in us, the perfect possibilities in us have, as it were, been tarnished by the ignorance and misery of life. We sway from this to that; ours is a changing experience; there is nothing permanent in the contents of our consciousness, and therefore, nothing of absolute value. We are caught in the web of the senses and the evolution therefrom is intricate and of tremendous duration; we must evolve; that is the necessity, but hitherto such evolution has been perforce, not through the willing co-operation of our nature.

We have been whipped into the strug-

gle; like dumb beasts we have been driven forward in life, beaten from behind. The goal of life has rarely risen before us. We have never faced the sole path, for there is but one. We have been turning back to the place from which we have been coming. We have feared to go on farther; we have been troubled to proceed. We have stood in terror of the future that awaits us. We have not relied on the innate strength of us; we have trusted too much to the external side; we have leaned and depended too much upon the outer orders of life. We have not sought the strength within, nor have we in the least attempted to move the waters in the depths of our souls. We have been content to see the easy flowing on the surface; we have been contented to drift on the surface with the tides; we have been too self-complacent, too sufficient in feeling with our present position to struggle onward and onward. We have not looked life well in the face. We have constantly

turned our glance to the pleasant, anticipating it and cherishing the memories of pleasures past. We feel that it is better to recline at ease, free from worry and exertion. We ask why we should renounce, why give up when it is so pleasant to enjoy?

It requires perspicacity of thought, depth of emotion, iron-firmness of will, and unspeakable self-reliance to move forward on the path of adventure of soul. We must become pioneers in spiritual advance, and the pioneer has his hardships, —yes, but he also has his romance and the sense of keen enjoyment in the overcoming of difficulties. Those who are firm in soul depend upon it alone. They seek it alone; they rely on nothing else; they thirst for nothing else; they are contented with nothing else. What the pioneer has in the way of self-confidence, physically speaking, the brave in the spirit possess in a spiritual sense.

We are not bound by the myriad-dis-

tressing circumstances that weigh hard on the average; we shall demand our rights, resting on none for their satisfaction except the innate greatness of the Self in us. Thus fortified, who can withstand us? Can the petty difficulties of life undermine us? We may lift at will the entire burden of the universe; we may soar into that high empyrean of realization where the whole world is to us mythical, where the entire multiplication of life is nothing as compared with the single vastness of the single Self within. The whole multiple universe is not as great as the soul. The vast entirety of the cosmic whole cannot withstand the especial powers of soul. O it is the soul upon which we shall place our standing-ground; it is upon the soul that we shall build our fortifications in the warfare with the things of earth; it is upon the soul that we shall secure the adamant basis of our campaign against all that which is not of God, which is not in God, which is not divine!

Resting upon the effulgence of our supra-personal nature, we shall confine ourselves to the light of the soul only. We shall be glad to put our mind in the radiance of the soul; we shall gladly cast aside all the glories of the lights of the world, for we have that light in our possession which is of the soul only. The light of the soul is our comfort; the light of the soul is our enjoyment. The light of the soul is in all things; the light of the soul permeates the universe. It is also the life of the soul. By its refraction the conquest over nature is made. By its refraction the whole of nature is made subordinate to us. By its refraction life becomes our servant; the forces of evolution become our servants; the form of the universe becomes the very embodiment of the super-universal Self in us.

Ours is that might! What other might will we have? Shall we depend on gods; shall we depend on those who reign in the high places of life; shall we seek assistance

from these who rule over cosmoses? Ours is our own strength in the name of the super-physical and super-mental Self residing in one and in all. That Self is equal now and at all times. Whatever power the gods possess, it is the power of the Self; whatever beauty lies encased within their presence is the beauty and the presence of the Self. That Self is our explanation and our guide. It is the portal to and the actuality of our realization. It is the dawn beyond the night of the universe: It is the super-mundane light; it is the super-mundane reality. Whatever is, is of the Self. There is no crevice in the universe in which it does not reside; there is no crevice in the universal realms of thought where it does not abide. It is in the inmost soul of all souls; it is in the inmost thought of all thoughts; it is the mind-power of all creatures. "No man breathes by the breath that goes up, or the breath that goes down. We live in another in whom these two repose." Aye,

verily we reside in the Self. The Self lives within, outside, in and about and beyond us. That Self is the universal sentiency. Its might is our might. Its power is our power. Its radiance is our radiance.

Shattering the power of the universe itself, let us raise our lives beyond its pale! Trampling with divine might upon the course of life, let us supersede the boundaries of all limitations. Transporting ourselves into the realms of the heart, let us forsake all form, abandon all name, throwing overboard the entire cargo of sense and sense-fed thought, and come into the mystic truth of our being, for we are that truth; we are its reality; we are its omnipresence when the Self within is realized in its universality and in its inclusion of all beings.

The worlds are awaiting the unravelling of their own mysteries; the times of evolution are prodigious; the problems to be solved are of the cosmic order,—and still the whole procession of the evolu-

tionary form is the procession of myths. He only is the lord of self who, while this universes revolves about the centers of its great purposes, seeks contentment within himself, caring naught how the external apportions itself. For he who has seen the Self of him knows the all-importance of that Self, and its preponderating significance over everything that is not of the ultimate spiritual essence of life. Many the glorious mysteries of the universe, many the wonderful harmonies of the cosmos as it travels on its path of soul-expression, but more wonderful, O friend, are those regions of spiritual thought in which the bliss of the Self is witnessed as constituting the wholeness and the meaning of life. Salutation to the glorious form of truth. It is the form unexcelled; it is the figure, all-perfect, in which all other mathematical perfections are synthesized and spiritualized. All hail to the knower of Self; he is the man-God! In him the destinies of the uni-

verse are forever fulfilled; his is the great glory and the incomparable peace, the super-mundane bliss, the unconditioned emancipation!

Who understands the wonderful nature of the world; yet how much more difficult to understand is the perfection and the glory of the soul? We need not believe in the soul; belief is not the highest form of the relation of the individual to his soul. The highest relation is that of conscious knowledge, of awakened spiritual awareness. Belief is secondary only; all-important is knowledge. It is primary. Knowledge is the purpose for which we live. Knowledge is the shining light of the soul; before the increase of its radiance the darkness of ignorance is dispersed; the light of life beyond life is at hand and the luminous form of truth becomes more intensely luminous. As this physical world is so remarkably perceptible to us, how much more perceptible is that world in which truth is self-apparent.

The darkness of the world is darkness in name only, for when the knowledge of the soul shines, what can withstand the onrush of its radiance? O light of lights,—the light of the consciousness spiritual! The soul is the lord of light and points to the Light beyond light, the Self beyond the soul. In the radiance of the soul death is burned to ashes and life; in the radiance of the soul sin and virtue lose their separate and special shadings; in the radiance of the soul the relative fades forevermore, for the light of the soul is infinite. That is the realization of the sage, when he perceives this light dwelling within him as the flame of his soul, as the Self of his soul. O the radiance of the face of the sage; the shining light of his countenance; the tempestuous might of the truth within him!

There is nothing in this universe, nothing within its infinite vastness which is like unto the soul of man. The sages have sung in all the scriptures and sacred

teachings of the world the superiority of the soul. The soul is omnipresent. It contains the universe; the universe cannot contain it. It is the all-absorbing; nothing absorbs it. It is the fact and the explanation; it is the principle of the universe and the tangible application as well. It is the thought of the creative principle and also its form. It is the living sentiency and the external condition upon which that sentiency reacts; it is the subject and the object, the part and the whole; it is the all in all.

The idea behind all this evolution is the expression of the soul or spirit. That is the goal—freedom; and by freedom is meant the fullness of the soul's expression. Now we are obstructed on all sides by the barriers of nature; now we are confronted on all sides by conflicting elements which go to make life. Life is the result of the friction engendered between what is known as the soul and what is known as nature. There is a higher state

of the soul and this is above nature; the struggle which we witness as nature is the effort of the soul to reassume its lost super-mundane existence. Its present existence is only a fragmentary phase of that all-absorbing, freedom-conscious existence which is beyond the world and beyond the senses, which the world cannot know, which the senses cannot bind.

The soul is not the body, nor the changes of the body. The soul is neither the mind, nor the changes of the mind. It is not the five sheaths of the soul, nor the vital airs which sustain the body, nor is it the life principle, nor can it be the mind-or-form-substance. The soul is not this or that. It is the nameless and the indescribable; it is the imperishable and the indestructible; it is the formless and the omniscient one, for its knowledge is beyond the tediously acquiring process of the brain obstructed by the body; its knowledge is not limited by the mind or the body. Therefore, its knowledge is not

limited, but illimitable; it is not relative, but infinite. It is not finite, but universe-omnipervading and universe-transcending as well. Nothing can be definitely settled about the soul, for the mind which is in nature cannot understand, nor can the grasping and perceiving powers of the senses in the body hope to touch or understand. The soul is the pivot on which the universe turns. It is the power beyond manifest power, the power by which the world is made and kept and finally destroyed. Supra-mountain-heights must be our faith therefore, bound by nothing, trusting infinitely in Self, seeking, understanding nothing else, depending upon nothing else.

Many the ways of understanding, but the understanding of the heart is superior. One may reason well, but comprehension on the part of the heart excels reason. Through love we frequently understand myriad times more clearly, we perceive a myriad times more faithfully

that which a master-soul has presented to us. Love is the quickest of methods, the shortest and surest of paths. Where reason cannot go, there the heart easily has access. For penetration into the mysteries is the privilege only of the heart. Just as love can bind together two souls into one, so it can also bind knowledge unto the seeker for knowledge. When we understand, we really love; when we love, we really understand. Many the great man who is understood by his followers only through their devotion to him; many the great truth which transcends reason, but cannot transcend the heart. For love easily overlaps all barriers that would separate the lover from the beloved, the master from the disciple, the soul from the Self, the lover of God from the Self of God and the Self of the beloved, as well.

Reason will never satisfy us, but the feelings of the heart are our guarantee and our surety surest. The quality of the

deepest love is, without question, of the soul; it is unrestrained in its effort to know the unifying relation. It excels in the attempt to master all difficulties that stand between understanding and realization, for understanding may be of two kinds. There is one kind which is purely the understanding of reason; the other is the understanding of realization, that understanding which is of the reaching out of the heart, including and above that of the mind.

Expression is the right of the soul and the opportunity of soul-revelation. It is expression we are seeking when we exist, for existence is expression. It is expression we are making in the formation of our character. Each day brings with it new revelations and new experiences. Each day is fraught with the opportunities of spiritual expression; each day is is the coming of the light of God which we may use or abuse according to our will and according to our understanding.

Each day is a privilege given to us for expression; not alone each day, but each hour, each moment. This very moment is making for the eternity of character. This very moment is speaking for or against us in the judgment court of the law of life, the tremendous law of compensation. It is ours to do and to dare; it is ours to govern circumstances and conditions, so that they serve the purposes of soul-expression, for it is expression which reveals the qualities of the soul: it is expression which reveals to the world the quality of the heart that thus expresses itself.

Life is a glory or a darkness according to the expression we give of soul. It is a light or perdition according to our sense of the righteous and the perfect; it is a radiance or an oblivion of soul, according to the uses we make of the opportunities of life.

O life omnipresent, celestial abidingness, that we could soar into thy soul-ubiquity. The truth knows our inmost

thoughts, for it is the sentient aliveness. It hears the footfall of an ant, as said a great sage. Each turn of our mind, each fluctuation of our thought is known unto the truth, which is the all-supreme, the living Lord of the universe, the highest embodiment of the supra-cosmic self. There is nothing which remains hidden to the Lord of the universe. He understands all from the lowest to the highest. He understands every fraction of the motion of the whole. Nothing escapes His glance. He knows the depth and integrity of our sincerity, for He is the cosmic manifestation of the Self of Selves within us. He is the rulership of this world and it is His kingdom, and He lives in the heart of the Teacher of the soul, who comes to us with the soul-awakening message, with the life-spiritual-renewing life. The teacher is the Lord; the Lord is the teacher. There is no difference, for the soul of the teacher has been given unto the Lord; it has reached the plane of the Lord's life; it has

absorbed the essence of the Lord's divinity. It has assimilated the divine life; it has entered into the divine identity, above all distinction, into the divine sameness above all difference. The teacher is God; the whole life of the teacher is a manifestation of the divinity to which we are aspiring. It is the ideal of the Lord of this universe made incarnate.

For thousands of years man has been believing the Lord of the universe to be great according to physical measurements. The idea of omnipresence has had its foundation in a sort of physical ubiquity. The Lord is not omnipresent in the supreme sense of imnipresence physically, but essentially. His omnipresence is an omnipresence of essence, not of extent. Of course, the omnipresence of extent is included in the idea of the omnipresence of essence, but it is the latter conception which the spiritually evolved cherish, for this universe of boundless extent must fade, and if the Lord's omnipresence in-

cluded only the omnipresence of physical extent, there would be danger of His losing His divinity, so to speak when the world resolves, in accordance with the laws of nature, into its primal elements. So the Lord's omnipresence as well as the omnipresence of the Self of the soul is rather an internal omnipresence, a subjective omnipresence, a more than mortal omnipresence, a more than physical ubiquity. And for this very reason the omnipresence of the Lord and of the soul, which has become one with the Lord, is all the truer, all the more real, all the more divine. This omnipresence of the Lord is the omnipresence of the soul itself. For when the soul has entered the being of the Lord, can there be any distinction? The soul will find itself one with the soul of God. The constituent Self of the soul will be found to be one with the constituent Self of God. The distinction between God and the soul, the difference in perfection between the personal God and the soul is

a surface distinction and a surface difference only. In the profound depths of the inmost subjective life of being, the soul and God have the same exalted, the same world-emancipated Self-consciousness. They have that consciousness of Self above the dream of the world. Here there is multiplicity of distinction, multiplicity of variety; there, there is neither variety nor distinction. It is all one. It is all unified into the one. The differences are toned down, the various shadings of life fading before the great reality, which is single and synthetic of all life from the lowest to the highest, from the worm to the Lord-Supreme of the universe.

But in this world of distinction there is a personal Lord and a soul, and for this reason the religion of worship is as necessary as the penetration, by knowledge and philosophy, into the realm of the infinite beyond nature. Few are those, however, who can take such flight of soul where this universe has forever faded from view,

where the endless infinite stands self-revealed and self-apparent.

Difficult, indeed, is the path to the goal, whose gaining is the vision of the Shining One. Here in this world we may worship as the Lord incarnate of the universe him whose contact has brought about in our souls the light of the Self, has awakened into glorious expression the qualities of the soul and solved the great problems which stand between the friction of life and the state of Self-awareness of the soul. Our hope must come through one who has seen the Lord, who has seen his own soul, has become acquainted so intimately with the divine life that this mortal life has no longer any meaning for him. He has transcended it. And there are those who have found this quest, who have discovered and realized this truth, who have sought for and found the Lord. There are those who have penetrated into the vast mysteries of being and have, in prodigious might, overwhelmed nature

which covered, as it were, the form of the soul with the pall of cosmic illusion. The teacher is the living God; that is, the true teacher. He will point out the way. He will enlighten the mind and move the heart in the direction of the true and divine Self-consciousness. He who has seen the Lord has lost his separate consciousness. He has forever abandoned all ideals of separate life, however alluring these be. He has thrown overboard the cargo of the universe and has sailed into the sublime ports of peace. He has attained the goal. There are those residing in the world who have seen God, who have developed their spiritual side as mankind is now developing its moral side, who have penetrated into the realm of the soul, just as the scientist has penetrated into the realm of the unseen and detected sound amidst silence, the light amidst seeming darkness. There are those who have entered the realm of poetry which the poet can only glimpse, who have entered the

realm of music which the composer and the musician can but scan at most. There are those who have entered the sphere of life for whose vision the martyr undergoes torture and death, for whose vision the saint longs, for whose vision the philosopher struggles and to which the world is consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly, moving. There are those,—of course their number is fewest few,—who have removed the cosmic veil and have seen the Glorious Soul, the Cosmic Self, the Lord of Nature, behind nature. There are those; if one has come into contact with one of them, even for the shortest time, he has attained the goal; aye, he has seen God.

THE POWER OF THE WILL

CHAPTER VII

THE POWER OF THE WILL

The soul is in possession of many great faculties, or rather currents of expression, and the most powerful of all, in its activity, is the will. There is no aliveness in the will; it is only the soul which is alive. The will is the word defining the intense activity of the soul, and also its creative force. Whenever the soul is transforming an idea into an object, or into an event, or into an environment, or into a quality we speak of the will.

By the power of will this world has been created; by the power of will evolution has taken its upward flight; by the power of will the animal has become man; by the power of will man shall become God. There are no limits to the results of the

will and there are no limits setting bounds to the possibilities for its intensity. Will is everything; it is the objectifying element in the universe. The realm of ideals could never be transformed into the realm of facts, were it not for the action of the soul in its phenomenon as will.

Will has transformed the commonplace into the divine. Will has made the sage out of the ignorant, has made a saint out of a sinner, has transformed the man of desire into the man without desires, or better, into the man whose desires have taken current towards the divine ideal, the ideal of reaching to the divine life and of realizing God.

The sense of freedom is bound up with the perfect activity of the will. The sense of freedom comes out of the mind whose faculties have been trained to obey the leading and higher impulse. Freedom must be earned, and it is earned best by understanding the value of obedience and

service to a high ideal, once it has been perceived by the discriminating mind.

Will is destiny; there is no destiny in the universe. For we are today the making of our own wills. In the past we have willed, and now when the results of our willing come upon us, we speak of destiny. There is neither justice nor injustice on the part of God. He is a silent witness of all our efforts, knowing that no matter how these are directed, whether well or ill, they must eventually lead us to Him. We are free to do as we choose with our personalities. We can make or deform them. We can create ourselves up to the perfection of the shining gods, or we can debase ourselves to the status of the lowest low. It is all with us. Ours is the hand that leads us either to the gateway of transcendent bliss or to the portals of the great doom. Ours is the rulership over ourselves. Ours is the judgment visited upon ourselves. We are the makers of evil and we suffer from our own making. We are the cause

of all our misery and we suffer the result as well. There is no partiality in the universe. The universe is governed and controlled by inevitable necessity, so that when an effort is made in this direction it must yield corresponding results, and if in that direction, then the results must also correspond.

Wonderful is this universe and wonderful the will of men. Wonderful are the results of the exercising of the will of man, and equally wonderful are the effects which man takes upon himself in the doing of deeds. We are free as the wind to come and go, spiritually speaking. We may follow any of the multiform and multiple paths of the universe. We may traverse any of the myriad fields of life. We may seek enjoyment in this, or enjoyment in that. Ours is the right to choose. Ours is the privilege of absolute freedom. Do we desire to extend our faculties of sense beyond their usual activity,—behold the telescope, the microscope and many

other wonderful discoveries! Desire, properly directed, will carry us anywhere we choose to go, aye, and into the presence of the Most High. All the kingdoms of the universe are ours through the power of enlightened will; all the spheres of life are open to our vision through the faculty of enlightened vision, resulting from the tremendous determination, the tremendous will to perecive the truth beyond the limitations of the body. All the secrets of the universe shall be opened to us through the might of the will, set firm in discrimination. All the avenues of truth are patent to us; all the doors of the universe are open to us, leading into chambers of thought and sense experience, far exceeding any of the conditions of experience we now enjoy.

The larger vision naturally brings with it the higher life, the larger capacity for living, the more opportune facilities for the enjoyment of the larger vision. All the differences in the universe are but

variations of the power of will which has moulded them into their respective statuses. All the variety we perceive is the result of the cosmic will playing upon the single substance of the universe, the sole material basis of life. There is that will behind nature, a silent, all-devouring, all-creating will that puts the whirling suns into their forms and into their respective orbits. Theirs is that silent potent power by which the world is held in sway, by which it moves, on which it rests, in and through which it evolves.

The perfectly developed will is a tornado of power. It is a whirlwind of purpose. Before its torrential power naught can stand. Naught can hope to stem the tides of the will developed into the highest channels of its potential activity. Naught can counteract the influence of the will directed towards the God and goal of life. Naught can withstand the power of the will behind which is the illumination of discrimination, for such power is

the power of God. It is the life of God. It is the soul and will of God Himself. And according to the promptings of that will the whole of the cosmos moves and operates its eternity-stationed destinies.

The developed will is that will which has finally identified itself with the cosmic will of God, which has the evolutionary vision, both with regard to itself and with regard to the universe entire. The developed will is that will which has placed itself in perfect accordance with the great purposes beyond life, the purposes of soul-expression, of mind-illumination, of the perfect vision and of the supra-cosmic realization.

The developed will is that will which, knowing naught of the limited side of personality, abandoning all the childish wants of the undeveloped will, seeks isolation in the soul of God and thus becomes identified with all. The developed will is that will which, having put aside all the ephemeral things of life, seeks after the

eternal; again, that which, having abandoned the temporal and the external, seeks bliss and peace and true knowledge and consciousness in the world of the inner man, whence flow the mighty currents of inspiration, whence comes the stream of God-realization, whence surges the tempestuous onrush of the truth of God.

The developed will looks after the synthetic view. It is not bound by limited perspective. It does not take in the narrow horizon, but rests in the boundless dawn of truth, ever seeking the newer aspect, readily forsaking the old, when clinging to the old makes for retrogression, makes for untruth and evil. The developed will does not crave the fulfillment of those wishes that arise in the minds of the uninstructed. It has thrown aside the follies of the senses, the whims and indecisions which constitute the world of the worldly. It has overcome the list of lusts, overcome the tendency of the mind to wander amid the smallnesses and

commonplacenesses of life, and soars into the realm of the everlasting truth, the everlasting life, the everlasting power, the deathlessness and transcendence of the divine.

Morally speaking, spiritually speaking, the conquest is already assured, the victory half gained with the arousal of the will. When the will has been awakened, then there is every reason to expect the fulfillment of the ideal the will is anxious to carry into effect; of course, in this connection, we are referring only to those ideals that relate to the life of the soul, or appertain to its transcendence over nature and the body. The body is not the physical mass which we see tangible before us, but that attitude of thought which concerns itself mainly with the gratification of physical impulses, when the soul should rise superior to these into the realm of the purified mind and purified heart.

Once the will is awakened, all dreams are dispersed, all myths lose their forms,

all that is perishable perishes, because the will is bent upon the conquest of all illusions, is centered on the victory over all follies. The aroused will is the medium through which the soul manifests its power and excellence over nature, by which it sheds and radiates its glory here in this sphere of the earth.

The average mind is well contented to float on the surface of the vast ocean of existence without using any effort of will to guide itself, or any effort of mind to discriminate as to the course it is carelessly pursuing. The average mind is forced up the evolutionary path; the man with a purpose, the man of developed will and discriminating understanding aims at self-guidance and has the compass of discrimination to guide him on the shoreless sea of life. He is not contented to float idly along without any resistance to the impetus-current, but uses all his might of soul to take that advantage of the current and of the flow of the sea by which he

will soonest be taken across to the other shore of life,—which is the life divine, which is God. He resists all that does not aid in the soul's reaching the goal and destiny of life,—which is the Self-consciousness that the sage possesses, and God.

It is by the evolution of character, which is at one and the same time the evolution of the will, that we can hope to fulfill the destinies for which we have come into mortal expression. It is through the tremendous self-development and self-unfoldment brought about by the perfect training of the will and mind that we can hope to cross the barriers on the path towards the realization of our true nature. It is by the perfect assimilation of the spiritual substance of the universe, by the perfect coming-into-contact with the divine side of life through a firm resolve to do just this thing that we can secure a permanent vision of the reality we are. It is by the ponderous self-expression fol-

lowing in the wake of a forceful will that we realize and fulfill the spiritual intensities which are our heritage and our right. And these spiritual intensities are those states of mental and physical emancipation wherein the senses are trained into perfect obedience to the discriminations of soul and wherein the mind is trained to hearken perfectly to the behests of the spiritual impulse.

Perfect freedom comes with the perfect capacity to obey; there can be no obedience without training in the line of obedience; and without obedience there is the bondage of the uninstructed will, for then it rushes wildly and madly, without any sense of the proper path to follow, for then it is whirled along by the swift currents of the world and brought to havoc and to ruin. Freedom implies control. A full control over our nature includes a long training of obedience to the dictates of the higher impelling power within man, call it conscience, or Self, or God. And

this training is the most essential phenomenon in spiritual evolution; it is the most important means to the great realization of our essential nature; it is the first requisite in the climbing of the steep spiritual ascent to the life of God and to the divine consciousness. Our calling into life by the powers that be is fraught with spiritual and intellectual import. We have not come into being for the sole purpose to live and acquire our daily sustenance. Certainly, evolution is not a development of the scrambling-for-food and sense-enjoyment instinct. If that were all in all then, indeed, death would be welcome as the silence, quiet and to-be-hoped-for, stopping the noise and rush of such a vulgar show. But there are deeper things in life, as those who study perceive. The machines that have been invented for the more perfect securing of food, and so on, are not really serving that purpose in particular, but are evidences, pregnant and wonderful, of the con-

templative genius in man which has produced them. It is the application of consciousness in the mastering of life that is of avail in this great conquest over the material things that stand as obstructions to the more perfect expression of the struggle to live. A machine is a monument attesting to the prowess of the enlightened soul over the darkness and coarseness of the insensate.

Before the focused will every difficulty vanishes; the world gives up its secrets; the stars reveal the distances of their orbits and the nature of their composition. Before the energized will everything must bow from the atom to the sun. The universe must reveal itself entirely. As yet, it is but a narrow strip of the territory of the cosmos which has come under the dominion of man. There are still much wider and much vaster fields beyond, much more glorious quests, much more glorious objects of our quest. There are many goals beyond our present goal. There are

endless horizons beyond our present gazings; there are many heights above our present altitude. The range of the universe is illimitable; the range of knowledge is illimitable. The spheres of mind are illimitable,—but more illimitable than these is the range of the boundless heart. It is the void in which the universe is contained. It is the majestic essence in which the relative world is centered and from which it proceeds. It is the all-embracing and the all-sustaining. When we have entered that range, the battle with life is over, the mixing with and overcoming of external nature is through with forever. For the range of the heart is the abiding place of the eternities; the range of the heart is the formless region where dwell those who are freed from the binding fetters of form, who no longer wear a form. It is not the form which is evil, but that attitude of consciousness which requires a form, that state of ignorance which induces mortal birth, with its sorrows and

with its ending in death. There in the range of the heart is to be discovered the certain and basic immortality of which men dream, for which men hope and pray, and which all are endeavoring to attain. Immortality is not within this perishing world, but utterly beyond; it is not to be discovered midst this tempestuous change of the cosmos, but within the borderlandlessness of That beyond all dreams.

Deep is this net-work of illusion; deep and mysteriously crushing the expression of the soul; deep is this illusion. No one can understand or grasp its arising, no one can fathom the causes of its blinding the sight of the soul. This illusion takes on the form of attraction. The heart of man yearns, the will of man is moved, action is performed,—but, lo, the fruits of action are sorrow! Illusion follows in the foot-steps of desire; illusion follows wherever pleasure stalks upon the world. Real is sorrow; real is death. Fleeting are the pleasures of the senses; fleeting

are the joys of the worldly. Sickness, old age and death pursue all component things. Decomposition awaits all that is made of form. Form is destroyed, and woe unto that state of mind which concerns itself with form only, not concerning itself with the spirit of the within, which needs and knows no form, which is, within itself, most self-sufficient; which is, within itself, the truth and essence and subject of the whole objective series we call life and the world!

Man pursues pleasure at the cost of pain. Man struggles on and on, and futile seems the struggle and of no importance. Fraud stands behind the pleasing form, fraud with its disillusion. There is no bliss in the external, for what seemed bliss-bestowing when had, is discarded for the next bright object. All men are children and they pursue the baubles of illusion. Man is constantly growing, for the soul within is asserting itself. It is growing through all these experiences to find

eventually that nothing can satisfy it, that nothing can give it peace. After all, the world is little more than a small place, shadowed over with tinsels of every description, and we are jostling each other about to the right and to the left and to all sides. This causes strife and pain and sorrow and death. Cheated right and left in the maze of life, we are hopelessly lost and we are endeavoring to find our way out, but are overwhelmed with the vast number of seeming apertures of escape which prove to be, when we try to emerge, adamant and iron-ribbed walls. The apertures are mirages. Yet, there is a way of escape and the mirage itself is a token of it. There is a path which leads from out the prison of life into the open spaces of the infinite.

There is bliss awaiting our efforts; there is an escape from the bondage, but the bliss and the method of escape is within ourself. No need of this struggle with the external. That is eternal and

infinite, and he who hopes to conquer nature externally will have a long and wearisome time of it. Our inner nature is the real world. There the pictures of the universe are stored; there, in fact, is the substance and the entirety of the cosmic scene. There are the causes of birth and the causes of death. There is the solving of the problem of illusion; there is the key to the temple of silence and peace. There is the keystone to the cosmic arch; there, stored up within the vast psychical and spiritual profundities of the subconscious and the superconscious life, are the potentialities of the cosmic whole, the substance and the spirit of all things, —and there is peace and bliss and blessedness, endlessness of existence and knowledge and of the supra-cosmic divine.

O for a glimpse beyond the common orders of life! O for a transcendent experience beyond the commonplaceness of life! O for an everlasting experience beyond any temporal experience; O for a

consciousness, all-supreme, divine! O for a reaching out beyond the borders of this perishable world! Thou, O will, shalt attain to that! Thou, O will, art the ruler and the disposer! Thou, O will, art the custodian of omnipotence, for thou art in immediate contact with the omnipresent energy! Thou, O will, through the development of thee, canst transcend all limitations! Hast thou not, in the past, done this? Hast thou not overcome the apparently impossible, making it the possible? What stands before thee now, shall fall before thee in the nearest future. What now opposes thy strength shall become one with thy strength. Thine is all indomitableness; thine is all power; thine is the rulership when thou hast seen the soul! Thine is the potency when thou hast successfully battled with the three worlds, the world of form, the world of mind and the world of desire! When thou hast subdued all thy nature; when thou hast conquered all thy foes, O soul,

then shalt thou, O will, shine one with the golden light! Thine shall be its form; thine shall be its soul. Weary pilgrims we dwell here in this vale of tears, beset-ted by a myriad difficulties, but our vision is towards the stars and the reeling suns and beyond them to the central sun, to the central order of things, aye and beyond, to the light beyond all light, to the Lord God of the universe, the Most High, the Supreme, the Exalted and Imperishable One. Our vision shall become realization in the due course of a development of will by which and in which we shall behold the heart purified, the mind illumined, the soul irradiated with the divine effulgence.

Power and glory, might and realization, the august splendors of truth, the immeasurable peace of the divine nature, the vast, divine, incomprehensibly beautiful nature of That surpassing life and surpassing death, surpassing all things are ours. There is but one goal to which the developed will aspires, and that is the

goal of freedom and, as previously stated, freedom is the boon coming as the consequence of a great sense and realization of obedience. Who can obey the dictates of his own spirit is greater than the greatest of monarchs, greater than the greatest of conquerors, for the inner foe with which we have to deal is a tremendous foe in strength. Easier it is to vanquish the powers of the universe itself; difficult indeed to master the powers of the heart. Many the scientist, many the philosopher who lacks control, lacks discrimination with regard to the realities of the heart, although he has performed the great conquest in the world of mental realities.

His is the victory who, understanding the fleeting nature of life, rises superior to it. He is the hero who has successfully assaulted the barriers the lower nature raises in opposition to the full growth and the full expression of the higher nature. He is the conqueror who has mastered the cities of the heart and stormed with vic-

tory the citadels of the mind. August and inspiring is the sight of the man who struggles against all odds to certain victory of soul. The martyr awakens our admiration and enkindles within us the divine flames of spiritual enthusiasm and of spiritual consciousness. Behold how the hero in concerns spiritual gives over as naught his body, his mind, his senses, his emotions, his heart and his entire self to the demands of that exalted consciousness which knows only the Self in the Self, the Self above all form and thought, above all woe and ill, above the dual qualities of the world, above all the trivialities of the universe. He is the hero who has seen the Self in comparison with which the world is naught.

THE LAW OF GROWTH

CHAPTER VIII

THE LAW OF GROWTH

That we must evolve is our destiny. Gods are we now as compared with the destinies we fulfilled, as a race, ages ago, and in comparison with today our great future will have transformed us into veritable deity.

The main idea ever to be borne in mind is that perfection exists already within us; all that falls to our lot is to express that perfection. It is now latent within us; we must manifest it. It is now in potentiality; we must make the potential the actual.

Growth is certain, though its processes may often escape conscious attention. We may not realize the full intensity of our growth, and this failure at realization

often curbs the effectiveness of the will when it is bent on turning from evil into the paths of good, when it is making an effort to give up the retrogressive for the progressive. The intention is a subconscious vision of the progress to be made, and if we can put into effort the same joy and intensity that we experience in the intention, the victory is surely ours.

We often feel highly elated at the thought of the high ideals which can be ours in realization; we have a view of the wonderful mountain-tops of soul, and we feel ecstatic; we know that it is as possible to reach those exalted heights, just as it is possible to have seen them. So we put shoulder to the wheel, and commence a great effort, only to find, too frequently, that our intention has become blurred in the vision, our action has been lost in the failure of the attempt. We have been crushed by the counteractions of our own enthusiasm. We have fallen victim to

our own purpose of soul, deforming it for lack of courage.

But at the same time we do grow. And we grow because of our intentions, inflamed by noble desires; in turn, inflamed by great ideas and wide visions of soul. If we examine closely we find that the reason of our success is due to the transfiguration of the beautiful feelings associated with our intention into actual realizations. We often feel the power and the purpose and the enthusiasm of doing great things of soul, but these feelings pass because they are not singled out and created into actions. When we feel any sublime truth, we must immediately put it into expression in so far as we may, otherwise it escapes us and we have committed the great sin of omission.

The doing of deeds requires intense arousal of will. Now, the emotional force giving stimulus to the will, the will reacts upon that stimulus,—and this reaction induces the doing of deeds. Tremendous

faith in one's self is needed; tremendous responses to one's impulses is necessary if the great ideas we cherish are to become concrete. The building of character is done in this fashion. Worthy impulses are followed; these beget actions; actions beget habits; habits form character. Thus the soul grows and thus proceeds the law of growth.

Growth comes through a knowledge of the law that causes growth. We must know this law, then we can consciously assist in its operations. When we know the path, we can travel much speedier to the destination in view. We must know the path of the soul and, knowing it, we must tread fearlessly upon it. When a certain course in conduct is inevitable in the direction of worth and growth, it is ours to follow it then and there towards the goal of realization. Realization is the natural outcome of the minor and seemingly insignificant steps towards it, and these steps are the steps of character.

Without character man is nothing; without character, there is no expression of soul. That is what character represents, —the greatness and the power of the soul. In so far as our characters are representative of lofty ideals of mind and heart we can speak of ourselves as being good, or, better, as truly manifesting the glory of that spiritual light which is the flame of life and the divine spark of the Divine Flame, all-present and all-radiant.

Growth is the flux of the percolation of soul in nature; it is the exhibition of the vastness of the soul, for all of the cosmic entirety is only an apparition of soul. The entire universe is only a faint tracing of the omnipotence and splendor and exalted consciousness behind this universe; and so with man, individually. He is the limited expression of the God within him; when he realizes his true nature, then and there the man will disappear; the God will shine forth. And when that light shines, it will be recognized as the divine efful-

gence present everywhere and at all times as the effulgence of the sun, the glory of the moon, the radiance of the stars, the glare of the lightning, the leaping light of fire. When that light shines forth, it will be recognized as the life within man, the life within nature, the life within the cosmic sentiency, the life which we speak of as God and soul.

The aim of all growth is to transcend the object of growth; not only to become one with the object but to have a vision of something more exalted, once the immediate point of our vision has been attained. There are endless numbers of perspectives in character beyond, inviting us onward to the super-celestial destination. Character is only an approach to that consciousness which is embodied partially in the perfect character and in the divine manifestation, such as was the Christ and the Buddha.

Numerous are the avenues of soul through which we are passing on our way

of enjoying the vision of the soul proper. Great lights of developed character shine on the way. Great lights of perfect virtues illumine the path, so that we may find our footing, so that we may become imbued with the thought-force and the will-force, and the enthusiasm of those who have gone on beyond the portals of life and have reached the goal of all our aspirations. Great is that light of life which makes for the contagious love to evolve and find ecstacy in the evolving. Difficult, indeed, are the ways to the top of life's mount; many times discouragement comes upon us; we lose our footing and stumble down to the path already gained; and the steep ascent once more rises menacingly before us, laughing at our ambitions, mocking our efforts. And yet there is no time for regret, no time for remorse; there is no time for childish dissatisfaction. Brave must we be in soul; and that courage and bravery comes to us when we remember the magnitude of the

light of life within us, when we recall that we are of the divine life and that ours, in time, must be the sure gain, the achieved result.

Life has been called a vale of tears. Indeed, such it is. It is the valley of disillusion, of mirages and enchantments. But once the soul has seen the light on the heights of the mountainous glory of life, the enchantment cannot bind so rigorously; the spell cannot continue its heart-grasping, soul-enthralling hold over the mind. If we are to be bound constantly here in this mortal expression of the infinite, there is no hope for us; if there is no light which may cheer us who are disconsolate, if there is no compass to direct us who are lost, if there is no voice from afar which can call to us, who have strayed from the path,—then, indeed, there is no hope for us. But these great tokens of conquest and final control we do possess and these are cherished in the world's religions and philosophies. More espe-

cially, they are cherished in the characters and in the hearts of those who have climbed the ladder of life, who have mastered the science of living, who have pryed into the mystic crypts of the universal whole and found the truth. These are the sages of the world and its prophets; we have their words and we have their lives; we have their enthusiasm which still lingers in the world's atmosphere; we have their names which we can repeat; and the repetition of their names will bring their presences to us,—they who have gone beyond the usual bonds of life and have had accurate visions of the divine.

We have every reason to reassume courage and reassume the native enthusiasm of heart. Even in daily experience, do we not come into contact with persons whose bodies seem only to blind to our sight the radiance of their souls,—persons who hold nothing of the personal selfishness which guides and rules the world in strife, who have renounced the dream of

life with its vacancies and given their hearts, their bodies, their minds, their souls to the common causes of humanity, to its suffering, to its bereavements, to its sorrows, to its myriad afflictions? These persons are the lights amid the gloom of the world; they are the hopeful elements amid the despair of the world; they are the concrete visions of the Beyond Cosmic. They are shadowings of the divine form of life beyond all perishableness. They are our guides and, instinctively, the entire world turns to them. These are the saviors of mankind who come in the garb of the real philanthropist, of the real teachers, of the great in heart whose lives are for their fellow-men, whose thoughts serve not their own comfort and happiness, but the comfort and the happiness of the myriad poor, the myriad distressed, the myriad heart-broken.

In reviewing the study of the law of growth as it appertains to the soul we must constantly have in mind the power

of the soul, its divinity, its oneness with all life, its ubiquity throughout the universe, its transcendence beyond the universe, its world-height and world-depth and absolute world-beyondness. Of course, when the soul has been sensed, when its life has been realized, then the law of growth holds no longer; the purposes of character have been fulfilled, for character is only the way to the finding of the goal; it is the path on which the mind treads, the path made by the mind inch by inch throughout the duration of myriad lives. Character is the means to the end, but once that end has been seen,—then all visions die out, even the greatest visions of the most perfect character, for what need is there of any further progress after the goal has been found? Character is the vision of the soul in nature; it is the vision of the soul's power in the midst of the world's bondage, for character is made only with the effort of the whole being; it is made only with the upheaval

of the soul in man against the bounds and bonds of nature. It is the declaration of the soul's emancipation amid all the dependencies to which the mind is tribute in nature. The mind that has attained the goal of character is no longer mind. That mind has entered the super-cosmic regions of the soul. It has become one with the goal to which it had so long been struggling through lives innumerable.

Experience is the means by which this path of character is consolidated. And of course we must have both good and evil experience; evil experience has its uses, if only negative. It shows the right path because the soul finds that treading the ways of evil means losing the way to the real goal. We should be grateful for all our experiences. Every experience has its lesson; all experiences have their graduating forms of truth; all experiences tell and teach us something we have not known before. So, every item of experience is valuable; we should cherish it

just as we would the words of a great teacher. Experience is our teacher. And experience is of our own making, and in the making of experience we declare the right to be our own teachers; we declare the privilege of ministering to our own needs; we declare the right of choice in matters of experience. And is this not after all the wisest and best form, that of self-instruction? And again, we may listen well to the advice of others; we may read the words of the wise, but those who are wise were once unwise, and it was through the gradual overcoming of their lack of wisdom that they attained the status of wisdom. And this overcoming was at one and the same time associated with the privilege of freedom in experience.

Freedom is the note the soul is playing in nature, for in spite of the numerous difficulties that it meets with on its path to complete Self-manifestation,—so far as manifestation can be made in the rela-

tive world of the Absolute Self,—it gains the upperhand constantly as the evolution of life attests. Evolution is the trace of the freedom of the soul in nature. Evolution is the test of the soul's emancipation; it is the sure mark of freedom amid all this bondage. Walls of matter and insensate life stand on every hand barring the progress, but they all crumble beneath the onrush, silent, but terrible of the soul, before whose august will creation must bow, before whose presence all the kingdoms of the universe, all its planes and spheres must give way. The soul is the lord of nature; nature is the rebellious servant who is made to do the tasks of soul. The lord of nature holds all within his hand; that is, the soul controls. It is no longer the law of growth with which we are dealing, but the law of the inevitable manifestation of that which appears as nature returning to its pristine condition. The universe is a layer of thought-veils that prevent the soul from beholding

its Self. Life-times does it require to remove the intricacies of these veils. Reflect how long it takes to overcome one single deformation of thought in this world; how the overcoming of some habits requires years and years of mighty effort! How long then the overcoming of the whole, how infinite, almost, the destruction of all fraud; how enduring the time before all the veils which blind the view be rent! It is no easy task, although its completion is certain; it is no easy task, although we are sure of finally overcoming all difficulties.

We must not be disheartened, however, if at times the momentousness of the labor dawns upon us,—the labor of unearthing the universe of ideas so as to find the truth beneath, above and all-inclusive of all errors. The truth is with us and it is larger than its ethical significance suggests; as previously said, ethics and character are only means to an end, only an approach to the goal, only a reaching out

for and a touching of the truth. Character is the practical deciphering of truth in experience. The experience of truth, in itself, is something which is beyond the bars of describing. What truth is, in itself, escapes our understanding. It is one with the soul of us; and this mind, fed and sustained by sense, cannot go beyond, except with tremendous exertion and inconceivable power. The mind pondering on the task of getting beyond its own pale must sacrifice the pabulum of thought, must make the great renunciation of the senses together with their desires and their enjoyments, and give himself completely to the task of seeing the form of truth amid the changing phenomena of life. This is a difficult task and only the great in soul, the great in determination, the incomparable in effort, the gigantic in heart and compassion can fathom the mystery of the belt of truth beyond the universe of changing aspects of truth.

That existence of truth surrounds on all sides. It interpenetrates the cosmos; it interpenetrates the lives of each and all of us. It dwells within us as the soul and as the purified mind, as supersensuous impulses and as the light of spiritual reason. Truth is our God and truth is our goal. Truth and the experience of the soul are one and the same. The law of growth is the connecting link bridging the ideal truth, innately perceived, to the practical truth as it is witnessed in ennobling character.

Down ponderously deep in the abyss of things is the urge of the law of growth. Down in the ponderous finality of life there is the impetus making itself visible as the urge evolutionary. We are all of us reverting to the pristine glory of soul; so that in one sense evolution is really a revolution. We are going back to the beginning, advancing back to the great starting point of life which is the free and perfect state. The march is seem-

ingly forward, and so we speak of evolution. Down in the fathomless depths is the pure and shining light; but so lost in the intensities of the absolute is that light and so deep the depth that the radiance of the light is feeble. We have to sink and sink down to that depth. Such sinking away from life the worldly-minded call folly. They cannot understand the vision of the monk and the nun. This is the world; there is no other, think the worldly-minded, and they live accordingly. Such sinking from life is the realistic element in all religious life, whether lay or professed. Such sinking into the depth is the finding of true life, according to the sage. According to the great God-Men, such loosening hold of life is the sure grasping of a higher order of existence. Such sinking away from the follies of the world is the sure law of growth. Civilizations after civilizations may come and go with great processions of the arts and sciences, but real civilization consists

in the transfiguration of man into God, the realization of the God-life within. All other forms of civilization so-called are only approximations to that celestial life, to that hall of peace which is the consciousness of the man who has become spiritually awakened. True growth is the growth of the mind soul-ward.

The surest way is the way of obedience to the highest impulse which may come to us at any time, for therein is implied the fulfillment of the law of growth. Therein is implied the co-operation of the mind with the soul which sends a ray of its divine light into the area of the mind's activity,—the mind responding. The law of growth is the one truth amid the untruth that makes the world-illusion, for the world is this illusion. Even the senses are not accurate. The sun seems small to the senses, but to the mind the sun reveals its true magnitude. With growth comes that illumination when we see things in their true relation, when we see the might

of things that before seemed impotent, when we see the light of truths that before seemed dark. The law of growth introduces us to constantly increasing perspectives in which the soul of man becomes more and more manifest and more of that innate divinity within us is translated into the terms of the perceptible from the realms of the ideal.

There is this fact in the process of the law of growth, that no matter what path we choose we must come to the perfection of life; we must come to the realization of the real essence of things; we must come into the great understanding; we must drop off our limited visions of truth; we must dissociate ourselves from the false ideas that have engendered desires in our minds that are unworthy of the dignity to which we aspire, the dignity of the divine life. This is the fact in the process of the law of growth which guides the destinies of each individual and also of the cosmic whole, that we must come out

of our little crevices and see the great expanse of life and possibility beyond; we must come up to the height where we see the scenes of life in their relative connections, neither condemning nor despising, neither exaggerating nor over-regarding, but seeing the truth as it is under all conditions, and comprehending the tracing of truth in all circumstances and in all things.

So let us march on with great expectancy of soul, believing in ourselves because with us is the power of the universe, stationed in the finality of the law of growth! Let us move on, fearing nothing; for at our command is the energy universal by which we can climb the apparently insurmountable height! Let us take courage amid difficulties, hope amidst despair, trusting amid all difficulties, doubting doubt, believing that nothing can defile us, that nothing can impede us! For there is nothing that can stop our progress of soul, once we have sensed the omnipotence lying at our instant beck and call.

We are the commanders of our own destinies, the rulers over our own lives. Ours are the powers of the universe. Withstanding all obstacles, let us march firmly onward, step by step, co-operating with the great law of life, supporting the call of the evolutionary urge as it is individualized in us! We are the captains of our own souls, the makers of our own destinies. With us do the fatalities of destiny lie. We are the law-makers unto ourselves. We may use the great power that impels the universe, the power that is manifest in us as the life-power, wisely or unwisely. In our hands lie our own good and our own evil. We cannot lay blame on anyone. We ourselves are the executioners of our own good fortune when we violate the great law of growth, and seek the path of retrogression.

Let us with enlightened mind select only those elements of experience which shall help us onward to the great goal of life! Let us choose those elements of

worldly expression that can serve the welfare of our souls! We are the captain of the ship of fate. Do we know well the paths of the seas of life? Well, then, ours is the port of peace. The journey is long and tedious; many the dangers, many the hardships, but the gaining of the port is sure,—and that port is the peace and bliss of God.

MIND

CHAPTER IX

MIND

What is more remarkable than the human mind with its splendid array of body-transcending faculties? The senses relate us to this physical universe; the mind relates itself not alone to the universe of physical objects, but puts us into intimate contact with the great laws of life and mind beyond the senses. The mind corrects the reports of the senses. Its special function is that of discrimination. Memory and imagination and other faculties are subordinate. The sense of discrimination is the basis of all intellectual and spiritual development. This faculty shifts the erroneous element in sense impression and gathers into the mental stock only the truth. Of course the mind grows,

and, with its increased development, its faculties of sensing truth are proportionately evolved, and thus larger perspectives of truth come into form, larger visions of truth rise on the human horizon.

Mind is the connecting link between the man of the senses, whose life is not far in distinction from that of the brute creation and the supersensuous soul of man, which is exhibiting itself more and more to view in the lives and characters of those who struggle unselfishly for the good of others, or who are in search after the truth, whatever its height, whatever the difficulties standing in the way. The mind has turned from the sensuous and, in the cases of the great in soul, has become the faithful ally of the soul, co-operating with it in the fulfillment of the soul's destinies. There are two phases of expression in life; one might be termed the animal, the other the godly. Man stands in between, as it were, and according to the lights within him does he cast the mind

into the mould of the former, or the latter. Animal and God,—man the balance, struggling God-ward.

Mind is the ally of the soul, when renouncing all the trivialities of life, it ponders upon the deathlessness and supremacy of that state man has called the divine. Here in the vale of life it is difficult to scan the great celestial height. The body drags the mind downwards in the valley of the senses and there it feels content until, suffering from the miseries to which the body-consciousness is heir, it aspires to freedom from such conditions, and turns its gaze to the height,—there beholding the divine soul. It beholds that light and longingly it gazes thereupon. Strong and potent,—the desire arises within the depths of the mind: "let me soar thereunto," and, behold, with the very birth of this great desire, the mind commences that tremendous floating away from form which constitutes the life religious. But then the body-consciousness

with its great mass of instinctive life rebels at this desertion. It will not be left alone; it struggles for existence; it refuses to perish, for it cannot endure without the co-existence of the mind. Then the conflict commences; the consciousness of the body seeks to lure the mind from its quest, but the mind soars on. Then the body-consciousness in the great effort to persist throws in the wake of the mind's soaring the great bulk of animal impressions gathered through unthinkable periods of life-times. These distract the mind; the mind is made to look back, and that looking back signals the fiercer struggle. Now the mind succumbs; now the body succumbs. Now the mind overcomes and the body is forced into submission; then the opposite case arises. Thus the struggle continues.

It is not to be inferred, however, that the body is evil within itself. The consciousness of the body, as expressed in the instincts of animals, is a perfect con-

sciousness; the only fact is that such a consciousness is a lower consciousness. It is not evil, but there is such a vaster vision beyond, that when it is once perceived should awaken the entire will to approach closer and closer to the realization of the great life to which the vision points. Evolution is the outcome of past conditions, perfect as far as they went. The message of the mind from the soul is the fulfillment of the body consciousness, not the denial of it. This fulfillment can come about, however, only when the body-consciousness has been trained to understand its futurity to consist, not in the preservation of its limited contents, but in its complete and final identification with the soaring of the mind. This is an education, and in the course of the education, there are many difficulties to be bridged over, and this bridging-over forms the conflict.

This conflict is due mainly to a misunderstanding, for the man who aspires truly to the life spiritual constantly real-

izes that it is not the mass of insensate matter called the body which stands in his way, but as the psychical condition, the state of mind which causes the ego or self to identify itself with the body, producing a body-consciousness. Therefore, the asceticism which is merely a thrashing, as it were, of the body is not the proper asceticism; that asceticism is alone true which is based, not on the negative conception of starving or deforming the body, but on the constructive vision through the possession of which the soul strives onwards, not battling with the insensate body, but bent on the attainment of the goal.

There is a vision of life which, if once seen, transforms the consciousness of man, so that it concerns itself alone with the glory of the exalted vision. The mind under that state of tense striving is too much taken up with the light of the evolved, spiritual consciousness to be constantly on the alert with regard to the

temptations of the body. The secret and the mainspring of all monastic life, of all religious life is the realization of spiritual consciousness. Now, this is to be carried on in a sound, sane and rational manner. The means to such attainment, the methods involved should be based upon an enlightened discrimination as to what spirituality means, as to what, also, the true spiritual life is. We should regard ourselves as living in this universe, embodied for the purposes and expression of the soul. So, whatever elements compose our consciousness should not be denied, but properly and truthfully asserted. The body-consciousness should be exalted to that level where, in accordance with the seekings of the spiritualized mind, it is in anxious quest of so transfiguring itself as to become a worthy instrument and a worthy habitation for the spirit which dwells incarnate within it.

In this spiritualization of the body's life and instincts, it is essential to remem-

ber, as previously stated, that the body really dwells within the mind, just as the mind lives in the soul. When the soul is fully manifested, then both mind and body disappear and the soul alone endures, deathless, immortal and undecaying. But so long as the soul is covered over by the veils of mind and form, so long must we earnestly struggle to remove the veils, so long must we make serious search into the ways and means by which the veils can be made transparent in order that the life and the light and the truth and the exalted consciousness beyond can radiate through them. All this mental struggle through which we are passing, all these natural, moral and social stages through which we as mortal beings have to pass, are so many spheres through which the mind graduates to the more and more complete consciousness of soul. Through the recognition of the sanity and indispensableness of these laws, and through a perfect obedience to them, man becomes enabled

to glimpse the truth beyond law, to catch a glimpse of the form beyond the appearance and sense the freedom of the soul beyond any limitations, whether of mind or of form. That comes, and with it, the full consciousness to which the heart of man aspires and whither evolution tends.

The law of mind is the orderly procedure of evolution in nature, from the dissociated to the unified; from the diversified to the synthetic. There is always this great search for unity. It is expressed physically in the wondrous similarity of organic functions shared in by all living kind; it is expressed intellectually in the more and more unifying syntheses to which science and philosophy constantly aspire. It is expressed morally in the sense of justice and social equity which prevails the world throughout. This struggle, this seeking for unity in the world of the external suggests in a marvelous manner the existence of an internal unity. Particularly is this true with

reference to the unity in ethics and the unity sought for in thought. The external universe is the sounding board for the notes sent forth from the internal. If there is this unity at all, it is first and most essentially of the internal.

There in the internal lies the entire universe; there in the internal lies the vastness of the world; and beyond the internal and beyond the external is the supremacy of That which passes any describing. To it we are aspiring and, in our aspiration, we are first of all trying to understand the superiority of the internal side of our nature, for such understanding is difficult because we are so deeply imbued with the external side of life. We are overwhelmed at the vastness of the external, but it is this inner vastness that we must realize more than we sense this external side. The process of understanding and realizing this internal nature embodies all ethics, which is a curbing of the mind from running riot in the external world

of the senses; it also embodies all philosophy, which is a retreat from the external, a minimizing of its apparent all-importance and the placing of emphasis upon this internal side. But higher than all philosophy, beyond the bounds of ethics dwells that eternal freedom which is the soul's own. It is that freedom for which we are in search when we ponder in philosophical thought over the myriad mysteries of the universe. Both mind and body are symbols; both the external and the internal are symbols of the life which is beyond them. Through the frictions of mind and body the light of the soul comes forth. In this apparent conflict between mind and body, both mind and body are destroyed and from the oblivion of them rises the deathlessness of the soul. Only he truly lives who holds death as naught, and this holding death as naught is a tremendous education of soul brought about through cycles of lives, each one of which was an approach towards the final climax

of such education. Neither the body, nor the mind, nor the prevailing laws of mind and body have concern with That beyond these; there is that existence absolute beyond all temporal and relative phases and towards this absoluteness of life the laws of mind and form gyrate. When That is reached,—then life is silence, thought is dead and That lives and moves and shines and has being which is beyond the sun and the moon, which the light of the stars cannot illumine, whose silence thunder cannot disturb nor the loud refrain of sea.

It is peace for which we are striving and hoping, and there is neither peace nor hope to be found in the kingdom of the world, neither in the spheres of mind, nor in those of form. To this the law of mind and the law of form point. Peace is beyond and true life and true consciousness are beyond. Of this we are sure. With this in our soul let us go on struggling faithfully, not looking for the fruits of our labor here, nor concerning our-

selves with these fruits, for these again bind, but let us sacrifice the results to time and cause and the Lord, caring for nothing save freedom and peace, centering our thought upon nothing save the Feet of Him who rules the universe and whose Self is beyond it!

The "I" is always free. The superimpositions of mind and form float like waves over the surface of the ocean life of consciousness, but the "I" is not in need of these disturbances. Self-sufficient, it is peace-contained and peace-absorbed, disturbed by nothing, disturbing nothing. It is pure consciousness to which we are turning our light of soul. Pure consciousness knows no limitations, knows no bondages, is free from all frivolities of sense and mind,—for these are frivolities in comparison with the momentousness of the soul. These spheres of mind and form are the waves on the ocean of the Self; the waves are manifold in number, in form and in motion, but underneath

is that ponderous current of the depth which is one and only, which is single and supreme, which remains unaffected by the shocks of the winds of time and space and causation that sweep the universe from birth to dissolution, from projection to certain ending.

The law of the mind seeks transcendence over its own processes. Its mission is to exalt the soul above mind and above body. Here we again find the moralities; here again we find the spiritual sympathies, the reason for abandoning the life of the sense, because we see something definitely desirable beyond the senses and beyond these elements of the mind which are identified with the senses, and spring from them.

Renunciation is not a hardship, not a difficulty. In the course of his wanderings a monk once came to the house of a wealthy and worldly-minded man who became interested in him. Question after question was answered by the monk and

finally the subject drifted to renunciation. The monk was asked by the worldly man: "Why have you thus abandoned the enjoyments and the struggles of life; why have you sought renunciation." The monk replied: "It is not myself, O lord, who has performed renunciation. It is you who have done so. You have abandoned the greatest good in the universe for the trifles of the senses, for the minimum values of bodily comfort. Your struggles are vain, but my renunciation is the possession of the most valuable and the most practical good in the world,—the consciousness of the Lord's existence and the partaking, through His Grace, of His Bliss." That is the ideal behind all monasticism, behind all training of mind in spiritual ways, behind all spiritual effort, behind all ethics, behind all seeking into the mystery of life. It is the perception of that valuable consciousness and its possession that we demand. Surely the smallnesses of life are not our goal.

Ethics has no value in itself. Mere goodness is not, in itself, valuable, for insensate matter obeys the laws of nature better than we; it is this struggle to assert the higher and spiritual life over this temporal existence which is full of import, and fraught with spiritual good.

The law of the mind is so adapted to the soul's revelation that the mind itself can become the spiritual instructor of the person. The constant desire on the part of the person to reach perfection will so infuse the mind that all the depth of subconscious life will be purged from impurity and ignorance as well as the conscious mind; and with that clearing of the mind the light of the soul will shine steadily and with effulgence, flooding the mind with intuitions from beyond, saturating it with the bliss and consciousness of higher spheres, until that time arrives when the highest bliss is realized, and the highest life and thought, and that is the goal,—freedom.

The teacher of all truth dwells within the heart as the spiritual monitor and the director of the individual conscience. He dwells within as the guide and the preceptor and, according to its state of unfoldment, more and more of truth is shed upon the mind. What is required of us is great steadiness of purpose, firmness of heart and discrimination into the nature of the relations, whether of sense or thought, with which we come into contact. The Lord of bliss and omniscience is the Self Whose life is an infinite life, and Whose thought is beyond all mortal contents, passing all mortal understanding. He is the mine of knowledge which is inexhaustible and He is the Self of life and of the soul. His revelations are multiple in the forms of the universe; His omniscience is manifest as the universal thought, the mind universal from which the physical universe proceeded. And yet within His Self the Lord is unknowable and unapproachable by the mind, and yet He is

equally our Self. This recognition of our Self, therefore, is the beatific vision of the Lord. We are not mind nor form, nor the changes of substances, nor the changes of thought. Our individuality is not in this commingling of sense and thought, but in a deeper reality which the changes of mind and form cannot touch. Our deathlessness is the immortality of the divine principle, which is eternal and unconditioned, which is free from all imperfections and stationed in freedom. Our quest is freedom and we are searching for it amid the senses which are impermanent and fluctuating in character; or else we search for freedom in the emancipation of mind, only to find that mind, too, is bound. So any lasting, any permanent and any truly abiding bliss and peace and freedom and consciousness must be raised higher than the mind, must be superior, therefore, to the entire universe, must be utterly beyond the categories of the cosmos. That Self which knows absolute freedom

cannot know life or death, can never be acquainted with fear or sorrow, can never be disturbed by the approach or by the presence of death, whatever the form it assumes; for that Self is aware of the permanency and imperishableness of the Self. It is conscious of the complete subordination of the universe to Its life. Glorious the nature of the Self. Mind is soaring thereunto and the person seeing the great range and freedom of the impersonal life, the fulfilment of the personal, abandons all follies and all illusions, abandons all clinging unto sense and all clinging unto mind, abandons the entire universe governed by death and change. There is a scope of thought beyond our present mental approach, a vision of life which we have not as yet seen, a field of spiritual opportunities which we have not as yet entered. We must be on the watch for the expansion of the soul into these realms, for we are a grow-

ing consciousness and can never remain contented, save with the absolute truth.

That mind which has glimpsed the imperishable consciousness can never be satisfied any longer with the claims of the world upon him. He wars against all approach of the world to him; he leaves off the great burden of the senses and emancipates himself even from the urgencies of thought, centering himself only in That which is the truth, which is the life of life, the thought of thought, the substance of form, which is the Self.

The mind, like all other phenomena, is subject to the law of repetition or habit. With whatever food of thought we nourish the mind it is sure to take on that aspect. So if the food we give it is of the highest spiritual order, our minds will respond with full enthusiasm to the behests of the soul. One effort followed by another, followed successively by numerous others will, in time, cause the mind to drift naturally and with great

power through the sea of life into the soul's harbor. The highest thoughts entering the mind become impressions and give the impelling impulse to travel and ascend higher and higher upon life's path. Thought becomes instinct and we are guided by instinct. What is now instinct once dwelt in the mind as conscious thought or action. It is now instinct binding us either for good or for ill. Therefore we may hope with full heart for the redemption of ourselves by ourselves, for the undoing of our own bonds, for the gaining of freedom by ourselves who are slaves to our own thoughts. It is all bondage here, whether it be good or evil; but bondage to good causes freedom and bondage to evil causes more bondage,—but, absolutely considered, it is all bondage. Only we select the type of bondage we prefer and which discrimination bids us choose. Better to be slaves in the direction of freedom; better making the effort, as slaves, to be free,

than by acting and thinking in such ways as are sure to enslave us more. This is the nature of the mind,—its dual activity, the dual capacities of which it is capable. It can sway to the divine, or to the bestial. It all rests with us as to how we shall utilize the great current of power behind the mind and behind nature.

In this universe we can rely on many things; there are many forces ready to assist us, many helpers who will gladly come at our call for aid, but the greatest consolation is that we can rely upon ourselves, because there is the mind to guide us along the interminable path of life provided we give it the right instruction, and because there is the soul in us ever at beck when the mind is rigorous in its quest after the eternal truth. Here in this changeable universe we are seeking for the unchangeable; in this perishable world we are seeking immortality, but it is all stored up within ourselves. It is we who cause the burdens of life and

death to rest heavily upon us, and it is we, also, who have it in our power to strike off the fetters that bind us down and forever break the dream of illusion which blinds us to the truth of our inherent divinity. This bondage is one of attraction; subtle the workings of illusion through the senses, but the weapon with which we may cleave all this attraction and all this illusion is the fiery sword of discrimination which destroys all that is not of lasting quality, that is not rooted in the divinity of things, and that is not fixed in the divine consciousness, high above all pettinesses of life, exalted far above all worldly stain and imperfection. The mind, in the course of its experience, shall glimpse the truth,—and when the truth is seen, ours is eternal freedom and eternal life.

FREEDOM

CHAPTER X

FREEDOM

It is freedom which is the universal cry; it is freedom for which all of us are in search; it is freedom which is the basis of all evolution; and freedom is that complete emancipation from the fetters that thwart the free expression of the soul.

Freedom is the expanse of being. When we have fully attained freedom we have equally attained all the possibilities and potentialities of consciousness.

Desire is infinite, and the potentialities of desire within us are infinite. The struggle for freedom is through desire to that state where desire no longer binds, where the soul is no longer bound by desire; for desire is bondage and signifies imperfection. Desire, in itself, is good,

for it is the attempt to overcome the difficulties that stand between ourselves and our purpose. We find ourselves reaching out on all sides to fathom the mysteries of life, to penetrate into the realm where truth reigns, to control the forces that prey upon us, but which serve us when we have brought them under control. We find ourselves desiring this and that, not satisfied, however, when that which we desire is gained. We are always on the quest, always searching, seeking and never finding happiness. We do find something which resembles happiness,—pleasure; but pleasure does not stay, and with its passing, sorrow is born. We are endeavoring to master knowledge and find ourselves confronted on all sides, but then we do master knowledge; we do make valuable acquisitions that throw a flood of information upon our minds as regards life and its problems. Our desires embody certain forces, and these forces work towards the fulfillment of

that which is longed for. Desire is concentration, is focalization of energy; it is the placing of the mind upon one object and demanding the possession of that object above hosts of things, or above all things, as the case may be. And in the working of these forces and in the birth of desire and in the fruition of desires we find a certain freedom. We realize that we have a certain power and that we are not absolutely limited by the impositions of nature, nor by so-called fate, or destiny.

Our desires bind or free us; we have the freedom in choice; we have the power to realize our desires, but as to obliterating the results of our actions,—that is impossible. We may modify the results when these are unfavorable, by desiring contrary objects, by altering the currents of our desires; we may modify the results, but we can never dispense with the law of cause and effect.

This is relative freedom,—that we

make and unmake our own destinies through our desires, that it is we who are responsible for our own weal or woe. We are free in the desiring process and in the right tc desire, but if we examine deeply we find that, after all, we are bound inasmuch as we often fail to choose rightly when right would be advantageous to us and choose those things which entail pain instead. This is due to a certain bondage of mind,—ignorance, the birth of which we cannot fathom, for it is antecedent to mortal life; it is by ignorance that we are here. Then the mind is never steady in that it desires. The mind is a changeable quantity, shifting from this to that; it does not actually know what it wants; it is not really aware of its needs; it does not essentially understand its own nature and those elements that are conducive to its well-being and to its faithful service in the soul's quest of Self-realization.

So here is this paradox: free are we to

do what we choose, but bound, in so far, as we are not educated to that point where we desire that which is best for us. We desire this life which must end in death; we desire the objects of the senses when these must end in the extinction of death; we desire external youth, when old age is so certain; we desire riches, but the more the wealth, the more, in ratio, does desire increase. We desire the enchanting, only to find when that, which looks so bright from afar is brought close to view, is commonplace, and we throw it aside. We desire knowledge, only to find that, with the increase of knowledge, the object of our search becomes more remote, receding either to the invisible, or growing to such proportions as are beyond the common understanding and grasp of man.

It is knowledge for which we are in search; it is happiness for which we are in search; it is existence for which we are in search. But the trouble is that we are

searching these things in the world of the relative and the changeable, and it is changelessness of knowledge, omniscience, that we desire; it is changelessness of happiness or bliss for which we yearn; it is a changeless, ceaseless existence, replete to the utmost bounds of realization, for which we long. The world is the realm of mind and form, and mind changes and form perishes; how then can changeless life and consciousness be realized within their borders? It is the freedom of changeless life we seek, not the freedom to stumble unwittingly to our own doom. We do not care for that freedom which is not co-incident and co-existent with discrimination. For such freedom is the leading of the blind by the blind, as say the Scriptures, when both leaders and those who are led, stumble into the ditch. Desire must be guided by the lamp of discrimination. But that exalted freedom, which aspires to the absolute state beyond change, is beyond desire, beyond the petty

objects of desire, beyond the world which is the house of desire.

We go through life cheated at every turn; we wander in the courts of life expectantly, but always going empty-handed. It seems the irony of fate that what we desire is always met by the very opposite, so that when we desire pleasure through passion, pain and exhaustion are sure to follow. We believe the be-all and the end-all to begin and end with the senses, and for this reason we have made so much of the senses and of the knowledge the senses reveal. But to those who go beyond the consciousness of life as it is lived by the worldly, realize a world of reality, just as intensely as we realize this world of change. They realize something valuable in comparison with which all the values of the world are so much trash. Those who thus go beyond are the saints and sages of religion who seek to perceive a higher order of existence than that which is ordinarily lived; they seek to

come in contact with higher revelations of life than those which are revealed here in this mortal plane of thought and form. They pursue their purpose with iron-bound determination and then they realize. When they have seen the goal and when they have entered it, they come back to mankind to announce what it is they have realized, and we find them all saying the same: "There is bondage on this side of life; there's no hope here; freedom is beyond the sense-bound body and mind."

And that which in us senses that freedom must be beyond the world of mind and body; must be beyond this physical universe; must, in its very nature, be superior to all objective existence where change holds sway with death. Our real Self cannot be the body, and it cannot be the mind. There is a third background into which these must pass, and in which they must be synthesized and their apparent paradoxical nature be explained. There is a third and fixed reality and the

borrowed reality of the mind and body are but apparitions of this all-important and all-embracing reality.

That third reality and that all-inclusive reality we call God and the soul. There all change must have forever subsided into changelessness, and with changelessness desire is destroyed and that goal of desire has been attained for which the mind and body have undergone innumerable times the quest of truth in birth and death. There is unmistakable and permanent bliss, because it is the possessor's own essence when he has realized his true nature as imperishable. This fear of death is an indirect testimony that there is a life beyond, for the very idea of death implies the idea of a consciousness witnessing its own annihilation, which is a contradiction in terms. There is something within us that rebels at death; it is the consciousness of the soul in us which is striving to make its voice heard and its presence felt midst the din and noise of

life. And when that voice is heard, and when that presence is felt, the fear of death vanishes; darkness and ignorance take flight never to re-appear in the awakened mind, and never to lead the mind into the jaws of rebirth with its myriad bondages and pains.

There is a consciousness that we often feel as foreign to any of the experiences of mortal life; there are times when we soar above the pettinesses of life and come in touch with a deeper, invisible, but none the less real, reality of which we feel our real existence to be. We often disclaim, in religious fervor and in philosophical insight, any ultimate connection with the senses or even with the mind, and this disclaiming is a direct signal of our real Self transcending the bounds of existence included by birth and death. There are moments that come to the enlightened when they see beyond the morning horizon of birth and the evening horizon of death and see the great chain of

the immemorial past with its nucleus of myriad lives and countless ages of effort along the great path of upward flight into the higher spheres of thought and feeling. Freedom is the watchword of the elect and for this freedom they gladly renounce what the world holds dear, knowing full well the trivalities of the world, understanding all its valuable assets to be so much increase of bondage. Only the few can see beyond the normal perspective and perceive the divine effulgence whose light is too strong for the unenlightened; not alone too strong, but its dazzling brilliance is darkness to them. Their vision cannot stand that burst of radiance which is the soul's own.

Each man is pursuing his own bauble, thinking his respective object of desire to be most free from smallness and of all other objects to be the most desirable. Thus there are some who cling to name, others to form, some to heavens, some to the enjoyments of the senses, while others,

again, give up their whole thought and energy to the acquisition of wealth, believing wealth to be the panacea of all ills. But all of them are disillusioned. Back they must come to the starting point of their desires, having realized the folly of their ways and forcing the energy spent in the false desire into the new and lofty currents of spiritual good.

Evolution is the process of growth; freedom is that growth attained; of course, in one sense it is not growth, for we cannot add or subtract anything to the unit essense of the Self we are. It is manifestation; evolution is the manifestation, gradual and sure, of the complete consciousness of which we are capable. When that consciousness is fully manifested, there are no longer any limitations. Freedom is attained. So long as we dwell in the world there is this struggle, but once we have glimpsed that marvellous life beyond, the veils drop from our eyes; the chains that bound us to this

particular sphere of thought are broken; we are free. Freedom is to be gained by a momentous belief in ourselves. Belief in one's own strength, in one's own possibilities is so necessary for any achievement, and particularly so when it concerns the lifting of the veils that separate the man from the soul, the present personality from the eternal essence of him, his unchangeable Self, the Spirit universal, sentient and evolving in all, manifesting and manifest everywhere.

There is no freedom without struggle. More is required than to cry out "Freedom, Freedom" to attain the goal. Our nature must be subdued, and this submission of our nature involves aeons of experience at the climax of which we fully realize and instinctively see the need of forsaking all further experiences, of giving up the realm of the senses altogether and seek consciousness and truth elsewhere. We have to make the great retreat from nature; we have to go back to

the beginning and regain the nature we have lost, the blissful nature of the Self of us which has been covered up, as it were, with the clouds of manifoldness and illusion. And this retreat, this forsaking, this giving up, this brushing aside the clouds of ignorance is by no means easy. Divine perseverance is required; the greatest demands are made upon our strength, and if we fulfill those demands, well and good for us. Otherwise the attempt must be renewed times innumerable.

All that we need is great faith in ourselves, faith and extreme patience; then we can hope for great results. Wild enthusiasm counts for little. We must abide the fruition of the years; aye, of lifetimes. Knowledge will increase, and with knowledge comes the illumination of instinct. Our natures will naturally turn into the channel of truth's quest and of truth's life. We shall have to throw over the bundle of obstructions that beset the

path from the primitive condition upwards to the super-deific state. The universe must be subdued in us. We must have come into that wonderful understanding when by understanding we control all things. There is an understanding which is so superior, that, compared with which, human knowledge is folly. This understanding is the penetration into the nature of the Self. Self-knowledge has always been associated with freedom. How can he be free, who knows not his own strength, or indeed his own nature! How necessary it is, therefore, to have a great understanding of ourselves, to be able to fathom the true value of ourselves, so that, mastering the strength we have, we can ascend the heights of life, knowing in advance that the summit is ours because of the power within us.

There is no height we cannot surmount; there is no obstacle which will not yield to our insistent demand; there is no knowledge we may not attain when our

resolve is set, when our will is made, when the intensity of our nature has been brought into play. What can withstand the soul? Not the forces of death, for the soul surmounts death the more it understands its Self, above the changes of birth and death. And that which is beyond the clutch of birth and death is the immortal and the undecaying. Stationed and rooted firmly in the consciousness of our nature, having that knowledge which they possess who have seen the Self, trusting in the divine power that governs the rise and realization of life, let us put shoulder to the wheel to conquer all! Renunciation is our weapon. When we have that to cleave our way through ignorance and through all illusions we gain the conquest. When we renounce all, what is there to bind us? When we have forsaken everything, even life, what can hold us in the trap of the world? Great is that education of heart by which we easily transcend these false notions of the values

of the world. The worldly-minded are duped again and again into the net of the senses, but that man who can really see a light beyond them, who has a true vision of something beyond, that man is a sage not only in a great religious sense, but in a human sense as well.

It must always be conceded that a man may approach the religious consciousness in full possession of a practical consciousness. It is not always the enthusiast who is the greatest seeker for spiritual freedom, but many times it is the great philosopher who, spurning life as vanity, sets his feet on that path which has its ending in the actual realization of the infinite quest. Many have been the great warriors, many the great statesmen who have embraced the religious life, seeking for peace beyond the senses, when if peace were in the senses they could have had their satiety in them. Men seeking power and gaining possession of power have in the end concurred with Solomon

in his great comment on human life "All is vanity and the vexation of spirit."

The great teachers of religion have been those who have seen life from every side and have seen its hollowness, as well, and have for this reason relinquished it in order to see the truth. But this relinquishment, this gaining of freedom is a mental education. It is not by suicide that we can escape. For that makes the problem a myriadfold more complex, for it is not the body which must be done away with, but the mind with its false beliefs, with its weaknessess and its petty desires. And this doing away with the mind involves vast discrimination and vast unfoldment of thought. It requires years of observation of the ways of man and a thorough intimacy with the many branches of experience, for it is only by experience that we rise, rejecting what is inferior and centering our minds on and gaining the superior. When we have done with the world, once and for all,

then we may see God, then we may see our own souls in true and perfect Self-revelation, but not until then. So long as we cling with desperate might to the objects of the senses, believing existence to be summed up in them, so long will we have to wait in ignorance and suffering. We have to gather the harvest of life in its entirety. It is essential that this should be. When that is done we select the wheat from the chaff. We select the good from the evil. We discard the chaff; we give up the evil. Bending all our energies to the good we attain the goal; we overcome the evil. In this process of selection we free ourselves from the chains of good and evil. For good is subordinate to that goal which good has in view. Thus we ascend the stairs of life, climbing higher and higher until we reach the goal of life,—the throne of God.

Long is this education out of bondage to freedom. Great is this metamorphosis from ignorance to complete knowledge.

Great and tremendous is this rising of soul from out the limitations of the relative consciousness subject to desire into that infinite expanse of freedom where all desire is dead, where the desireless state rules, where there is no longer any coming or going in the realms of mind or form, where the soul, content within the boundlessness of its own existence rises forever superior to the claims of the senses, and is thus forever free.

Gazing into this realm of mortal life, which seems so all-inclusive, there seems little or no hope for the conquest of the freedom we have in mind. Gazing into this net-work of the senses, the height beyond them seems forever obscured. But there is this way out. It is not in the external, however. There is no outlet we can see externally. There are no chambers in the realms of form through which we escape into the realm of the formless soul. And the redemption comes from ourselves. The escaping is of our own

making. The universe cannot hold us back. When we know the way, treading it fixedly we overcome the mirage of the universe and are not led back into the gloom. Once we have seen that mirage, so seemingly lovely, and have sounded its bottomlessness, we escape and are free from its bondage. This mirage is but a fraction of that bliss for which we are in search and which can never be made manifest. It is only a faint refraction of that boundless existence which we sense as belonging to our inmost Self and which we sense, equally, as being the all-pervading reality throughout and above the universe.

Time, space and causation are the limiting qualifications. To go beyond them is to go beyond this universe. Can we transcend these? The very fact of change suggests the changeless and we who perceive the changeless in thought shall become the changeless in essence, in life, in reality. The soul has neither extent nor beginning, and, is therefore forever free

from the bounds of space and form, and also from the categories and the limitations of causation's law. There is freedom where no law reigns, for law is within nature; but when the universe is transcended, when the soul is seen, then law ends, for where there is no space, where there is no form, where there is no cause and no effect, how shall there be law? And the soul's existence in that supermundane sphere is one and only. That one perpetual existence is seen as manifold, but drop off the veils of mind and form, throw off the false notions of separate form and there is only one, and that one is all-pervasive, eternal, beginningless and endless. Personalized by man, who is in nature, that one infinite existence manifests, in its highest form, as the Personal God, but when the goal has been attained, then man finds that his own soul is the same as the God he has worshipped as outside his Self. There is only one individuality in the universe, and that is be-

yond the world; there freedom reigns absolute and unconditioned; there no form is seen, no thought is thought. All is impenetrable silence and all-comprehending bliss.

We have been seeking freedom in society, in philosophy, in religion,—everywhere, and yet we find that the real ideal of freedom has always escaped us, for freedom is not of the world; it is not confined to the world. The world cannot contain it, for it cannot contain the soul of man which seeks freedom,—and in the soul of man freedom dwells.

END

Psychic Control Through Self Knowledge

By WALTER WINSTON KENILWORTH

An elaborate and exhaustive work upon the Philosophy of Being, written for those who would gain control of their psychic powers.

8vo. Cloth, $2.00, postpaid.

Address,

R. F. FENNO & COMPANY

18 EAST 17th STREET, NEW YORK